

HOW GENERALSHIP COUNTS IN THE GREAT GAME

FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 10.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY'S FOOTBALL STRATEGY;

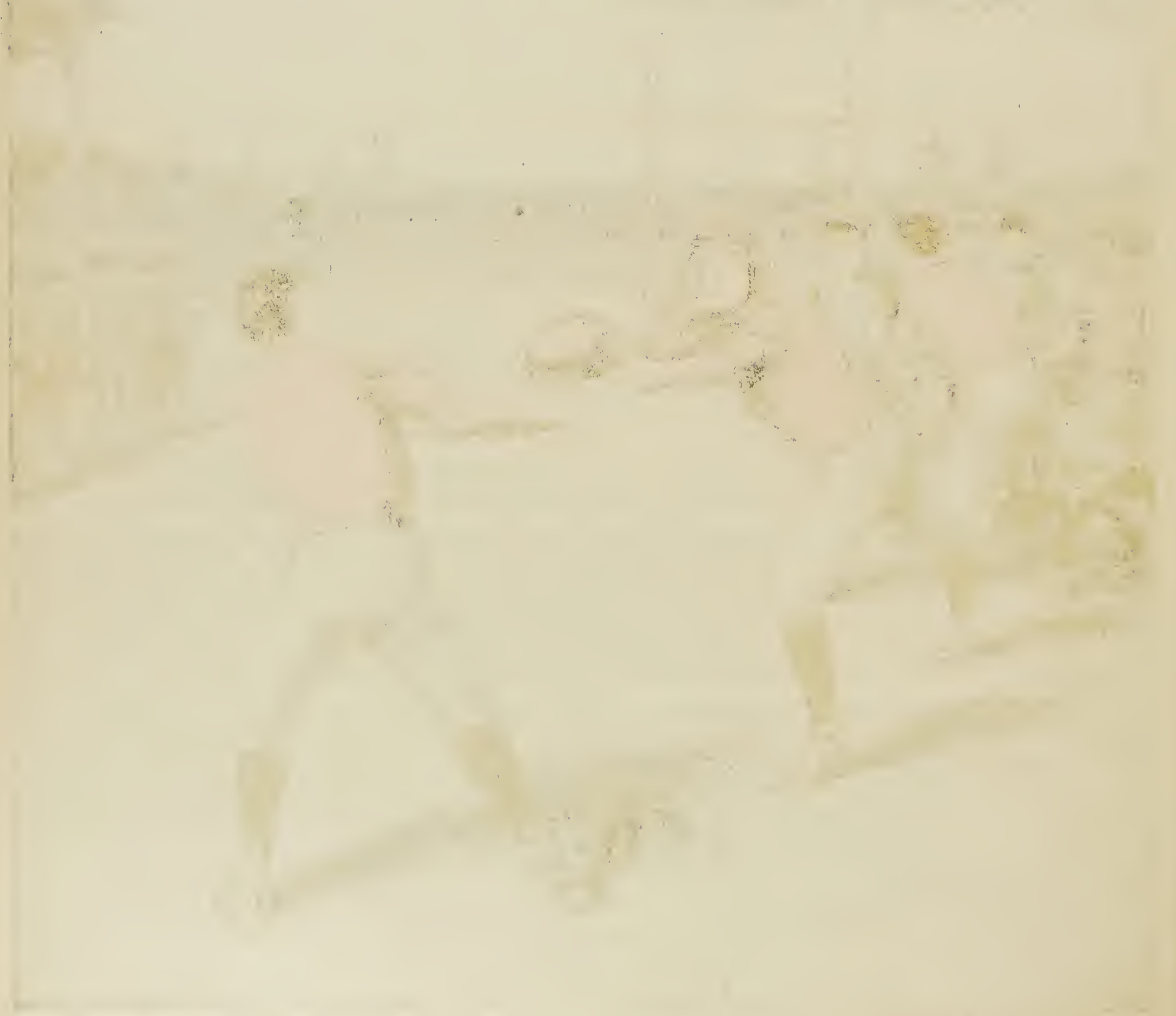
OR, BEATING TOD OWEN'S FAKE KICK.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



That fake kick was worked like lightning. Before Alton could grasp it Frank had passed the ball to Full-back Everett, who, supported by a grand interference, steamed around Woodstock's right end.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
JAMES OGLETHORPE
BY
JOHN HENRY HENNING
OF THE CITY OF SAVANNAH
GEORGIA



Frank Manley's Weekly

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CHAPTER I.

MR. DOBLEY IN TOWN.

"Frank, I'm glad you've come. We've been waiting for you."

Joe Prescott grasped our hero's hand warmly, and then turned and led him into the parlor of the house.

"Glad you've come, Manley," was Mr. Prescott's greeting, as the young athlete entered.

"Howdy, Frank!" was the greeting of Eb Prescott, brother of the elder Prescott.

Frank exchanged greetings quietly, his quick eyes taking in the others present at what seemed to be a conference.

Frank had a queer notion of the strangers as soon as he laid eyes on them. He was introduced to them by Joe's father.

One of the pair answered to the name of Ira Mathers. He was a thin-faced, sharp-eyed man of fifty, undersized as to body, but with a very large head set on weak-looking shoulders.

"He falls just short of being a smart man," was Frank's mental comment. "He has a strong head, but it isn't backed up by a body that would give him staying powers."

He has a mean face, and is therefore more tricky than really brainy. He's a shifty fellow, who will bear watching."

Of the other man, who answered to the name of Jake Doble, our hero was not so certain at first glance. He preferred to wait and size up Mr. Doble later, should it become necessary.

Doble was about five feet eight inches tall, broad-shouldered, and with indications of considerable activity and muscle.

Doble's manner was rather quiet—certainly not pleasant. He was quiet and reserved now; but there was something about him which led Frank to believe that the man could be both talkative and fiendishly ugly.

"He's either dangerous, or a man who wants to be thought so," was Manley's half-way inward comment.

"I had not expected to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Manley," said the lawyer in a brusque manner, intended to convey, without offence, his opinion that Frank Manley was a very unimportant person—a mere boy. "Mr. Prescott, may I ask the favor of talking with you and your brother aside?"

"Not if you mean to exclude Manley," quickly replied Joe's father.

"Why, my dear sir, what I intended to convey was that,

as Mr. Manley can have no possible concern in this affair——”

“Manley has a part in this affair,” broke in Mr. Prescott. “He is called in as a friend of ours.”

“But I do not understand, my dear sir,” insisted Mathers, “why we should need the outside assistance of any of your friends.”

“You will pardon me, of course,” replied Joe’s father, “if we take the view that we prefer to have the advice of a friend.”

“I doubt if it will be well to continue our talk at present,” said Mathers, much more sharply than he had spoken before.

There was an awkward pause, during which Mathers twirled a gold pencil at the end of a long chain.

Dobley glared at Manley as if he would frighten him from the room. Frank caught the glance, returning it with one of amusement.

Dobley took a quick step forward.

“Don’t you understand, young man?” he asked, quickly but sharply.

“Not quite,” retorted Frank, coolly.

“You ain’t wanted here.”

“Indeed? Why was I sent for?”

“Well, we don’t want you.”

“I am ready to accept that information from Mr. Prescott.”

“Now don’t get fresh!” advised Dobley, in a very quiet tone, but his eyes flashed. “I don’t allow it.”

Mr. Prescott, as host, would have interfered but that he knew Manley was quite capable of taking care of himself.

“My advice to you,” said Dobley, warningly, “is to take a little walk outside.”

“With you?” queried Frank.

Dobley seemed nonplussed for the moment. Then, with a quick, angry gleam in his eyes, he retorted, still in that soft, slow voice:

“Where I come from gentlemen never think of staying where they’re not wanted.”

“Where do you come from?” asked Manley.

“Denver.”

“And are you allowed to associate with gentlemen out there?”

The question came like a blow in the face. Dobley’s countenance flared and then became deadly white. He took another step forward, while his right hand traveled quickly to his hip-pocket.

But Mathers was at his side in an instant.

“No, no! Not here, my dear Dobley; not here! And remember that this youth is a mere boy, without experience or wisdom. Don’t do anything to complicate our mission here.”

But Frank, who had not stirred, suggested, mildly:

“Let the gentleman take out his handkerchief if he wishes.”

That was altogether too much for Dobley.

Shaking off Mathers, he flashed a revolver.

But watchful Joe was at hand in the fellow’s rear. With

a quick twist of Dobley’s wrist he wrenched the revolver away and ran out of the room.

There was a sound of hammering; then Joe darted back before any of the other actors in this little drama had moved.

“Here’s your gun,” said Joe, restoring his pistol to its owner. “I have taken the precaution of emptying out the cartridges and breaking the hammer.”

Dobley’s face was livid with passion. He raised his hand as if to hurl the weapon at Joe, then regained control of himself, and smiled wickedly, as he snapped:

“We’ll discuss your action at another time!”

“And now, gentlemen,” broke in Joe’s father, “I guess you’d better both of you go.”

“But we’ve not quite finished our business!” cried Mathers.

“We can’t do any business with you,” retorted Mr. Prescott.

“But you’ll at least allow me to go over the matter once more?”

“Not with that fellow present,” replied Mr. Prescott, looking pointedly at Dobley.

The latter smiled, as if he were biding his time. Judging by the whiteness of his face, he was looking forward to that time with a good deal of relish.

“But Mr. Dobley is an interested party,” persisted Mathers. “It was he who engaged me in this matter.”

“So you are a lawyer, Mr. Mathers?” interjected Frank.

“I am, young man.”

“Then I suppose you understand how badly your friend has compromised himself by drawing a pistol?”

Dobley breathed a little more quickly at this, but said nothing.

“Why, what do you mean?” inquired the lawyer, as if surprised.

“Just this,” replied Frank, after looking at Mr. Prescott to see whether he might take the liberty of replying: “The occupant of this house has ordered Mr. Dobley to leave. If he doesn’t do it, Mr. Prescott can turn him over to a policeman, and on a charge of felonious assault, at that. Mr. Dobley then would have to serve a few years in one of our excellent prisons. As legal adviser to Mr. Dobley, don’t you think it would be well to point out to him the desirability of leaving here without assistance from a policeman?”

“If any of your local policemen tackle me,” laughed Dobley, “their widows will never forget the day.”

But Mathers led his man aside. They had a short, whispered conference, and then, without a word, the man of danger turned and went toward the door. Joe let him out with alacrity and without a word.

“Now, may I make one more appeal to you to settle this matter without trouble?” appealed the lawyer.

But, instead of answering him, Mr. Prescott turned to our hero with:

“Manley, you remember that deed to a mining property my brother had—the one that has since been put away for safekeeping?”

Could Frank forget that precious deed?

Uncle Eb had come to Woodstock after years of residence in the West. He was reputed to have made a great fortune out there, and Joe was to be his heir.

When Eb arrived at Woodstock it turned out that all he possessed was a thirst for liquor and a trunkful of certificates of mining stock, which the brokers declared to be worthless.

Eb had also brought with him an original, unrecorded deed, which confirmed title in a considerable tract of mining land to one Mowbray. Mowbray had been Eb's partner at one time, and had left the deed in his possession.

Soon after Eb's arrival a man named Bludge had appeared from Denver, with two rascals in his wake. It was Bludge's purpose, for reasons of his own, to get possession of that deed. Robbery and violence had been resorted to; but Frank and other members of the Woodstock Athletic Club had frustrated the plans of Bludge. The deed was now locked up in a bank vault. Eb had started in to down his appetite for drink, and there the Prescott affairs had appeared to rest.

"Of course I remember," said Frank, in answer to Mr. Prescott's question.

"Well, Mr. Mathers has come to me with a demand for the surrender of the deed. Joe sent for you, Manley, because we want to ask your opinion in the matter."

"On what ground is the surrender of the deed asked?" inquired Frank.

"We have a formal demand upon Eben Prescott for the surrender of the deed," replied Mathers, with an air of candor. "This demand is signed by Mowbray, and his signature witnessed by a justice of the peace. The demand is in perfect legal order. I have asked the Messrs. Prescott to deliver the deed. A reasonable demand, isn't it, when I have full legal authority to receive the deed?"

"Where's the order?" asked Frank.

"Here's a duplicate copy of it," replied the lawyer, cautiously, passing over a formal-looking document, which our hero scanned.

"Mr. Prescott," demanded our hero, "is this the signature of your former partner?"

"Looks some like it," replied Eb.

"Why, of course it's Mowbray's signature," replied Mathers. "Its genuineness is certified to by a justice of the peace."

"Then where is Mr. Mowbray to be found? His address?" queried Frank.

Mr. Mathers hesitated; then he replied, with some embarrassment:

"I am not sure whether my client possesses the address. I shall have to ask him."

"And if this deed is not turned over to you?" asked Frank.

"Why, then, of course, we shall be obliged to sue for it. I should regret that, as I understand the suit would bring out some testimony that Mr. Eben Prescott would not like to have made public."

"That's a lie!" put in Joe, hotly, before his uncle could speak.

Mathers colored somewhat, but refused to answer, saying, instead: "

"Besides, I should regret greatly seeing Mr. Dobleby enraged. He is a very dangerous man, and I am afraid that already——"

"You are afraid that your client's peculiar tendency to be dangerous might lead him into more laughable predicaments like that of a few moments ago?" smiled Frank.

"I have decided to tell this gentleman of the law," put in Mr. Prescott, "that he will have to proceed to the legal measures he hints at. But you were so useful to us, Manley, in the former affair, that Joe wanted to ask you if your opinion differed from mine."

"I would like to ask one question," said Frank. "Mr. Mathers, do you in any way represent the interests of a man named Bludge?"

"I have never even heard of him," replied the lawyer quickly.

"Mr. Prescott," added Manley, "my opinion agrees with yours. Before you can turn the deed over to him I think you will have to be satisfied on several points. Should Mr. Mathers sue your brother, then several things will have to be made clear in court. Then we shall get at the right of things."

"My sentiments to a dot," approved Joe's father. "Mr. Mathers, you will have to take that for your answer."

"I hope that you will reconsider your decision," said the lawyer, persuasively. "May I call again to-morrow evening?"

"Yes," agreed Joe's father, perceiving Manley's nod.

In another moment Mr. Mathers was gone.

"This is getting interesting," muttered Frank. "If this lawyer chap has really nothing to do with Bludge, then two sets of people are making strong efforts to get that deed. Why? Mr. Eb, where was Mowbray the last time you heard from him?"

"In Denver, the last I knew of him," replied Joe's uncle.

"And you have never heard a word of any kind from him since?"

"Not a word."

Frank was silent for some moments, pacing back and forth in the parlor, until Joe broke in with:

"Old fellow, you've got some new plan in your head?"

"I have," Frank admitted. "This deed business is a good deal bigger thing than we have guessed. I mean to get at the bottom of it now, if you will allow me."

"Allow you?" laughed Joe's father. "That's a queer way of putting it."

"Then I have your full permission to take a first step in the matter?" persisted our hero.

"Most assuredly," came from Joe's father, while Uncle Eb nodded.

"Do you know where Mathers is to be found?"

"At the hotel."

"Then to-morrow I may ask you to send word to him

that Doble can come with him to-morrow night. It will all depend upon how what I am going to do turns out."

CHAPTER II.

KITTY DUNSTAN MEETS A "GENTLEMAN."

Before he went to bed that night Frank Manley went to the depot, where he filed a rather long telegraph message.

"Uncle Eb thinks you're one of the smartest youngsters that ever breathed," said Joe, when the Up and At 'Em Boys met at daylight for their regular football practice at the club's athletic grounds.

"Your Uncle Eb has very good eyesight," smiled Frank.

"You saw something last night that the rest of us did not," hinted Joe. "Of course we all looked upon the matter as queer, but you've seen a good deal further than that."

"Perhaps. At all events, I've hit upon the easiest possible way of getting at the whole truth of the matter."

Joe asked no further questions. Frank had a way of being very uncommunicative when he had not carried matters to a conclusion.

But when they met at Dr. Holbrook's academy that morning Frank was ready with:

"Joe, tell your father to send word to Mathers that he can bring Doble this evening."

"Something's simmering?"

"No; boiling."

There was a quick, bright sparkle in Manley's eyes.

How Joe longed to ask a question or two! But he forebore.

Mr. Jake Doble spent that morning doing some hard thinking.

He had been made wholly ridiculous by a pair of boys. It was not in his nature to forget such a thing.

He smiled wickedly as he pictured different forms of revenge with which he was familiar.

Against Joe, Doble did not feel so much resentment. But Manley must be punished, and first of all, if possible, he must be humiliated.

During the noon hour Doble had strolled out to the veranda of the hotel. There were a few loiterers there.

As Doble stood chewing half savagely at the end of his cigar Kitty Dunstan passed by. She had walked in from her home on the hill to the postoffice.

"A pretty girl," he remarked casually to the man nearest him.

"Yes; that's Miss Dunstan. Her father is one of the town's wealthy men."

"Ah! Then, with beauty and wealth, she must have a host of suitors."

"That's the funny thing," laughed the man. "She hasn't."

"No? And why?"

"Because the young men around here know that it would be no use."

"One favored one already, then?"

"Rather! A sort of schoolboy and schoolgirl affair; but it keeps other young men in the background. She is one of our athletic girls, and all her thoughts are for our crack local athlete, Frank Manley."

Doble's eyes snapped. So this was Manley's sweetheart!

He stepped down into the street and walked along in Miss Kitty's wake, his mind active with a swiftly forming plan.

Doble had often succeeded in making himself popular with women. When he chose to, he could be both agreeable and romantic.

It was an impudent stroke upon which he had decided now.

But in his present mood Doble would do anything that would annoy Frank Manley.

He was conscious that he was well dressed to-day and that he looked at his best. The soft, black sombrero on his head set his face off well.

It was with a good deal of grace that he lifted his hat and bowed as Kitty came out from the postoffice.

"Miss Dunstan, I believe?" he said, with evident apology in his soft, low tone.

"Yes," answered Kitty pleasantly.

"I am very anxious to speak with you on a matter that I have in mind."

"I can spare a moment or two," was Miss Dunstan's reply.

"Suppose I call at your home? May I? Please!"

"That must be for my father to decide," replied Kitty, showing the surprise that she began to feel.

"May I walk along with you a little way, Miss Dunstan? Then I shall be able to explain why I wish to call."

Kitty, rather puzzled, did not reply, but stepped along. Doble, assuming her consent, stepped to her side.

"I would really prefer not to have you walk with me now," said Miss Dunstan, hesitatingly.

"Oh, but I am certain, my dear young lady, that after I have explained myself you will pardon me for having persisted."

Kitty's soft cheek flamed quickly.

"Persisted?" she gasped. "Will you be kind enough to leave me?"

"Not until I have had an opportunity to explain myself," he retorted, softly but firmly.

Kitty came to a quick stop before the door of a store. It was Frank's little news and stationery store.

"I don't wish to be severe with you, for possibly you don't realize that your conduct is offensive. But I must ask you to leave me at once."

Doble's eyes flashed stubbornly.

Yet, before he could say anything the door of the store opened.

Frank Manley appeared.

Without a word he caught Kitty's near hand and drew her inside, closing the door.

With a low, muttered oath Doble tried to enter.

But Frank stood there, blocking the way.

"I wish to go inside!" flashed Doble, his eyes glittering.

"Your wishes are a matter of no consequence to me," replied Frank coolly.

"Stand aside!"

"You can't go in there," Frank rejoined, as coolly as before, while the man's angry eyes blazed into his.

"Young man, you act as if you owned this town!"

"No; only a small part of it."

"Oh!" sneered his enemy. "What part of it?"

"If you will read the sign over the door you will find out that I own this store."

"Even then you cannot prevent my following that young woman inside. You have no right——"

"I have the best of right—her own desire to be left alone."

"But I insist upon speaking with her, and at once."

"And I have already tried to tell you that your wishes are of no importance whatever with me. Now, will you go away, or are you bent on having trouble?"

"Trouble?" jeered Doble. "Out West where I come from——"

"Do you dare assert that you belong in the West?"

Doble stared.

"Of course I do!"

"Then," replied Frank, flatly, "you lie!"

"I—what?"

"You lie!"

Doble's face turned white. His hand flew like lightning for his pistol pocket.

"That handkerchief again?" smiled Frank, grimly.

In the little crowd that was gathering Woodstock's day policeman was forcing his way through.

"You have given me the lie," choked Doble, taking his hand away from the revolver. "You will have to settle with me for that."

"I will," retorted Frank, "by proving my charge. You are no citizen of the West. Why, out there the first thing a man learns is respect for a woman. On the streets of Denver you would be shot dead if you attempted to annoy a woman. Even a footpad in the West is courteous to a woman. Mr. Doble, you will have to reform your manners before you can make any one believe that you are from Denver."

That was our hero's word, his last. With a smile of contempt he turned on his heel, entered the store, and stood just inside the closed door.

As for Doble, he was furious. This was the second time within twenty-four hours that he had been coolly made a fool of by this boy.

And now what could he do? Make a worse fool of himself before this grinning, curious crowd? Should he force the door, with a policeman standing by?

There was a loaded revolver in his pocket. He knew how to use it, and had the disposition. But what was there for a gun-play man to do in this ridiculous position?

Nothing except the thing that Mr. Doble did do. He hurried off, away from the gaping crowd, trembling with humiliation.

Five minutes later Frank escorted Kitty from the store, and saw her safely on her way home.

But he had piled up for the reckoning that Doble was determined to have!

CHAPTER III.

FRANK THROWS A BOMB.

Promptly at eight o'clock that evening Lawyer Mathers rang the doorbell at the Prescott home. He was accompanied by Mr. Doble.

They found there to meet them the same two men and the same two boys as on the previous evening.

Mr. Mathers tried to be courtly in his greetings. Mr. Doble favored the Prescotts with a good-natured smile.

He looked past Frank, as if he had not seen him.

But our hero took no notice of this behavior.

"Now I think we're all ready, Manley," suggested Joe's father.

"Manley? Oh, this cheeky boy?" demanded Doble, frostily.

"If you choose to describe me in that way," smiled Frank, with pretended good nature.

"I object to this stripling's presence," said Doble stiffly, turning to Joe's father.

While Lawyer Mathers chipped in oilily:

"Can't we have this conference without the presence of an outsider who is particularly objectionable to my client?"

"No," said Mr. Prescott, shortly. "In to-night's talk Manley is to be the spokesman for our side."

"Oh, in that case——" Mathers made haste to explain, but Doble broke in:

"It makes no difference. Either you will give in to our just demand, or it means fight—and a nasty fight! Mathers, don't mince words nor waste politeness."

"As I understand it," went on Frank, quietly, "you claim, Mr. Mathers, that you hold a genuine demand, signed by Mowbray and witnessed in legal form, for Eben Prescott to surrender to Mr. Doble a title deed to a considerable tract of land."

"That is our demand," confirmed Mr. Mathers.

"Is Doble the principal in this matter?"

"Mr. Doble," put in that worthy, in a sinister tone of warning.

But Frank insisted:

"Is Doble really a principal in this matter?"

"Really," replied the lawyer, "I do not see why we should answer you. Your only course is a clear one. We have a legal demand against your side, and we are not compelled to answer questions."

"One moment," interjected Frank. "It may be that

you will soon be willing to answer questions. If you are not, then your refusal may look badly."

Frank stepped gravely to the door communicating with the next room, and called:

"Mr. Benson!"

Mathers and his client stared a little as our hero presented the stranger.

Benson was tall, slim, yellow-haired and sunny-faced. He was about thirty years of age. At first glance he appeared somewhat effeminate, but a shrewd observer would be quick to credit him with a good deal of purpose and courage.

"May I ask," suggested Mathers, "just what connection Mr. Benson has, or is to have, with this matter?"

"Mr. Benson," replied Frank, "is the New York correspondent of the Denver Journal!"

The announcement was a bombshell.

Dobley turned livid, and seemed trying to speak, yet unable to do so.

Mathers caught at a chair-back for an instant, then recovered some of his oily impudence.

"May I ask," queried the lawyer, a trifle huskily, "just why Mr. Benson is here?"

"Certainly," replied our hero, with apparent cordiality. "Last night you hinted—rather as a threat, I thought—that if the deed was not surrendered you would bring suit and disclose some things that Mr. Eben Prescott would rather not have disclosed. Now, publicity never injures an honest man, and of course we all believe that Mr. Eben Prescott is that."

"But the idea of publicity suggested another idea to me. The affair of Mr. Bludge, which never reached the newspapers, will make good reading in Denver. The episode of your demand for the deed will furnish a few additional paragraphs."

"At the same time, this Denver newspaper, which has pretty good facilities for getting at facts in Colorado, will try to find out why there should be such a demand for Mowbray's unrecorded title deed. The information that the newspaper gets on this head may be of use to us. So you will understand, Mr. Mathers, that your suggestion as to publicity has been of great service to us. It is only through the utmost publicity that our side can get to the bottom of this affair. It is very likely that within a few days we shall be way at the bottom. We shall know just why you want the deed. Trust an American newspaper to get at the whole truth in a case of this kind."

"We have told Mr. Benson the whole of the story from our side. He finds it interesting enough to telegraph to his paper. But we don't wish to take any unfair advantage. If you have any statement that you wish to make on your side Mr. Benson will hear you."

The effect of this quickly-sprung trap on the callers was dramatic.

Try as they would, they could not conceal the fact that they had been dumfounded.

Certainly, such publicity as an enterprising newspaper gives was the last thing they wanted.

"Why, this is a most remarkable—er—outrage," protested Lawyer Mathers.

"Is it?" smiled Frank. "Then you dread publicity?"

"How did you come to be in this matter?" Dobley demanded of the reporter.

"Manley telegraphed me the outlines of the story last night," replied Benson promptly. "I got here this afternoon, and satisfied myself of the Bludge end of the affair. And to-night I have had a chance to hear your demand. It will make a rattling good story for my paper. What can I say for your side, Mr. Mathers?"

"I shall want to see you apart," said the lawyer, crest-fallen.

"If you wish to see me privately with any expectation that you can prevent my sending this story to my paper," rejoined Benson, "I may as well tell you that you will be wasting your time. But I am quite ready to listen to any statement that you may have to make."

"I'll see you in private," insisted the lawyer, while Dobley chewed angrily at his black mustache.

"No, you won't!" denied Benson suddenly, with energy. "What you don't say here will never be said."

"Let him go," whispered Dobley in the lawyer's ear. "I'll go on the same train with him to New York. I'll kill him on the way, if necessary. That story shall never reach his paper."

"You understand our position," broke in Frank. "If Mowbray is still alive we shall undoubtedly hear from him soon, for this story will be pretty well printed in the West. And now, gentlemen, I assure you that I am acting for Messrs. Prescott when I wish you good-night."

"You cursed little meddler!" glared Dobley, darting suddenly at our hero.

But Joe and Benson caught him and held him back, while the Denver reporter coolly snatched the pistol from the fellow's pocket.

"Can't you work up a few more dramatic details like this?" inquired Benson, with a most provoking smile.

Dobley gnashed his teeth. This was the third time he had been made ridiculous.

With an oath he turned to Mathers.

"We may as well leave these conspirators," he said, suddenly.

"I was about to suggest the same thing," replied the lawyer.

"Take this piece of personal property with you," begged Benson, handing back the pistol after having removed the cartridges.

Both callers had the good sense to realize it was time to go. They went in angry silence, Joe showing them through the street door with elaborate, mocking politeness.

"This is interesting," smiled Benson broadly. "Manley, I am greatly obliged to you for sending me word of this. Denver will have some excitement from the New York end."

"Did you ever hear of this Dobley in Denver?" asked Joe Prescott.

"Never. He is unknown among people of consequence there."

"Is he a type of the Western bad man?"

"Not the real type. He is more like what we call a tin-horn gambler out Colorado way. He's a mean type, and he possesses a certain kind of courage."

"Would he shoot as he pretends?"

"Oh, that's no pretence," Benson assured his hearers. "Corner that fellow Doble and he'd turn like a rat."

* * * * *

Doble was at the depot alone, bent upon seeing the newspaper man on his return to the metropolis.

But Mr. Doble did not find it necessary to board the train.

Benson had already telegraphed the story from Woodstock. Doble reached the depot just in time to hear the last words of the message clicking over the wire.

Manley was on hand with a guard of honor for the correspondent. A round dozen of the Up and At 'Em Boys had responded to the call. They remained until they had seen Mr. Benson inside his Pullman car.

"I'll follow that Manley fellow on his way home," gritted Doble under his breath.

But Chief Griscomb and a policeman appeared on the platform. The chief passed a hand carelessly over the stranger's hip-pocket, then observed:

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to go with me."

"Why?" quivered the startled prisoner.

"There's an ordinance here against carrying concealed weapons."

Unable to secure bail, Mr. Jake Doble spent the night in a cell.

CHAPTER IV.

THINGS HAPPEN ON THE RUSH.

Woodstock was aflame with curiosity the next morning.

Every one had supposed that the possibilities of gossip in regard to Uncle Eb had been exhausted soon after his arrival in town.

And here wonderfully exciting things had been happening right under their noses, and they never guessed!

There were some who, in their mortification over their inability to find out all about other folks' affairs, blamed Frank Manley.

"It's just like him," they declared, "to know a whole lot of interesting things about what's going on and yet never tell a soul."

"And there's other boys in his club could have told if they had wanted to," complained the gossips.

"It would serve the club right if no one ever went near their old athletic field," declared the aggrieved ones who

felt that they had been cheated out of a lot of prime gossip.

But it curiously happens that people who spend a good portion of their time prying into other people's business seldom spend any money on such a thing as sport. So the club's gate receipts were not likely to suffer.

It was learned in the morning that Mathers and Doble had disappeared from the hotel. Where they had gone or just when they had vanished could not be learned.

It was the morning papers that first brought the news to town, for the story was interesting enough to have been telegraphed back east from Denver.

There was a good deal of speculation as to what had become of the supposed lawyer and his client. Frank would have given quite a bit to know. So would the Prescotts.

Doble had paid his fine in court early that morning, using for that purpose, so it seemed, nearly all the money he possessed.

As for Mathers, he had not even taken the trouble to go near his friend in distress.

Before noon the reporters were in town. Frank had to take three of them home with him when he went to lunch. Two more called while he was eating.

But our hero could not quarrel with the reporters for bothering him. It had been his plan to provoke publicity for the affair, and now he was succeeding with a vengeance.

According to despatches from Denver, Bludge had been found there and interviewed. He had not had much to say, and had promptly vanished.

Yet Manley knew the following night that he had not by any means heard the last of the affair.

Towser's growling awakened our hero. He hurriedly pulled on trousers and jacket and ran downstairs after the dog.

The corner of the porch was ablaze. From a little distance the young athlete heard the sound of a vehicle traveling rapidly away.

"With the compliments of Mr. Doble," muttered Manley, grimly.

Coal oil had been thrown against the woodwork and a lighted match touched to it.

"If it hadn't been for Towser," muttered our hero, "the job would have been more thoroughly done."

By prompt effort Manley conquered the blaze himself. But the racket aroused his mother.

"What's the matter, Frank?"

He had to tell her; but Mrs. Manley was a brave woman. Since the attempt had been discovered and frustrated she reasoned that heaven had willed that her home should not be burned down.

But Frank had a sudden, swift feeling of alarm.

"That scoundrel may try to burn my store!"

Looking up at the open window, he called:

"Mother, I think I'd better hurry down to look at the store. But I'll leave Towser here to watch."

"Very well, my son."

Frank, of course, carried insurance on his store. Of late, however, he had increased his stock and had neglected to take out more insurance.

So, after the quickest kind of dressing, he hurried to Main street.

His store was safe. There was not even any sign of any one having prowled there!

Frank hunted up the night policeman whose duty it was to keep an eye on the business section of the town.

"Run home, Frank, and sleep sound," was the policeman's advice. "I'll keep my eye on your place."

But the following morning the excitement had increased. The Denver papers had unearthed the fact that a mining syndicate had been making inquiries as to the price of the Mowbray mining tract.

The heads of the syndicate would not admit that the land had any great possibilities, but they admitted that they might be willing to buy the land at a fair price.

"Then," said Frank to Joe, after they had gone over the newspaper story together, "Bludge, Doble and the rest were acting secretly for the syndicate; or else they wanted to be able to show a good title and sell the land to the syndicate."

"They can't now," flashed Joe.

"No; thanks to our scheme of publicity."

"Oh, if Mr. Mowbray would only turn up!"

"I think he's quite likely to be heard from, if he's still alive."

"Poor old Uncle Eb! He's almost as crazy as a loon. He wants to get outdoors, and dad has had to stay home on purpose to watch him. Uncle Eb is so excited that if he got out alone he'd put down a whole lot of liquor, and then all our efforts to get him back to manhood would be wasted."

"Has your uncle any claim at all in the matter of the Mowbray deed?"

"He says he hasn't."

"Well, he ought to know, if any one would. But it's too bad, for it looks to me as if Mowbray, if he is alive, is coming into some money."

"Uncle Eb wouldn't touch any of Mowbray's money," said Joe, proudly. "My uncle may be a good deal of an old, wrecked hulk, but he's as honest as sunshine. He wouldn't steal a million from a Chinaman!"

Just as Frank had reached home from football practice that afternoon Joe hurried in, in great excitement.

"Frank, I guess Mowbray is alive!"

"Why?"

"Well, Uncle Eb has just received a telegram from him."

"Where is Mowbray?"

"Up in Montana, working on a ranch."

"But this may be another case of fraud."

"Uncle Eb thinks it isn't, though. He says the telegram reads just like John Mowbray. And Mowbray tells Eb not to give the deed up to any one at present, for any kind of a reason. Mowbray says he can prove he's the

right man, and that he'll come east if necessary. Uncle Eb has wired back to him, and has asked Mowbray a question. Uncle Eb says that if the chap out in Montana knows the answer to the question, then he's Mowbray, as sure as guns."

Just before bed-time Joe called up our hero on the telephone.

"It's all right!" cried Joe over the wire.

"What?"

"The chap out in Montana is the real Mowbray. He answered the question correctly."

Frank was soon sound asleep.

He was a good sleeper, and seldom anything bothered him after once he put his head to the pillow.

For two hours or more he slept peacefully.

Then he began to dream—at first it was a nightmare.

Finally the dream phantoms took more definite shape.

He saw masked figures moving about, saw the quick, bright flashes of pocket searchlights, and heard the mysterious whispers of the phantoms.

Suddenly the dream changed. He saw some figures in the act of laying a train of gunpowder to a barrel.

They touched off the train. It flared up. In his dream he thrust his finger-tips into his ears.

Just the instant before the explosion was due our hero awoke.

He was trembling with the excitement of the dream. His face and neck were in a cold sweat.

"Gracious!" he gasped, as he lay there awake.

Then sounder thought came to his aid.

"How silly I am to be so excited over a dream!"

It was not long ere another thought came to him.

The force of that thought carried him out of bed with a leap.

"Why haven't we thought of that before?" he cried, as he dressed with feverish haste.

As soon as the first few garments were on he hastened to the telephone.

It was an extreme thing to do—to call the fellows up at night—with the almost certain risk of rousing other members of the families.

But Manley felt that nothing but prompt action could count now.

He called up Joe, then Hal. Both of these princes of good fellows responded sleepily but cheerfully.

"Jackets?" wondered Frank, as he rang off from Hal. "Oh, no; the little fellow needs his sleep. But Sato would be all right. He could do for days on an hour's sleep if he had to."

So the Jap was added to the list.

Swift as he was, Frank reached the appointed corner only a few seconds ahead of Joe.

Before they had had time to exchange greetings Hal and Inow arrived on the run.

"I was a fool," confessed Manley, "that I never thought before now how easily expert cracksmen could get into the bank, open the safe, and make off with the Mowbray

deed. We'll watch the bank to-night, Joe, and in the morning your father will do well to get so valuable a paper into one of the impregnable vaults of a great city bank."

They hurried down the street to the bank.

At night the place was always lighted sufficiently for any passerby to look in through the plate glass windows. Thus it was possible to secure a good look at the front of the vault.

The light was burning just as the four youngsters turned the corner.

The next instant that light went out.

Frank jumped with surprise.

"Quick, fellows! I guessed right, after all. We're just in time!"

Manley darted stealthily up to the front door.

He could not see well inside, but he heard a low whistle on the other side of the door.

A lookout had seen him.

"Police!" yelled Frank, at the top of his voice, and the others took it up with gusto.

"Hal, you stay here!" whispered Frank. "You'll have policemen to help you, if you need them, in a few moments. Fellows, the rest of you come with me."

Manley, Joe and Sato darted around the corner, heading for the gate that they knew opened into the yard back of the bank.

They were just in time to see four men run out of the yard.

In the same instant the latter caught sight of the boys. Bang! Bang! Bang!

The night's stillness was broken in on now by the angry barking of revolvers.

It is notoriously difficult to shoot straight in the darkness, but bullets whizzed terrifyingly around the Up and At 'Em Boys.

"Scatter!" shouted Manley. "Don't bunch, or they'll hit us!"

Dismayed by the gust of bullets, the boys had drawn back for an instant.

Yet now, as Hal came running up, they regained their nerve and dashed off in pursuit.

But the fugitives, firing to the last, darted around the nearest corner.

Three of them went out of sight around this corner, but the fourth stumbled and fell.

"Quick! Get him!" panted Manley.

Hal and Joe fell upon the stumbler at the same instant.

Frank and Sato kept on around the corner, just in time to see an automobile go whizzing off at a forty-mile clip.

"We can't get them!" grumbled Frank. Back to the prisoner they hurried.

"It's our old friend Mathers," Joe announced, with a grin.

The self-proclaimed lawyer looked almost ready to burst into tears.

"They left me on the street," he explained, "and said they would be right back."

"That won't do," retorted Manley. "We happened to see you run out of the yard behind the bank. You were in the mix-up, and you won't be able to lie out of it."

One of the night policemen came running up at this instant.

Then, another policeman arriving, all hands went back to the bank.

The lock of a rear door had been picked. As the door was still ajar the investigators entered.

Tools lay scattered before the door of the vault. The thieves had been interrupted too soon for them to do more than to start to drill around the combination.

Mathers was questioned, but he stoutly refused to tell who his companions were.

"I guess we can swear to Doble for one of them," said Frank, grimly. "If you find him anywhere, officers, it will be best to run him in on suspicion."

Chief Griscomb was notified. He sent out an alarm by telephone to all the surrounding towns to stop the automobile in question.

The bank's president, being notified, came down in a hurry. He gracefully accepted the offer of Frank and his companions to sleep on the upholstered benches in the directors' room until morning, and Griscomb also detailed one of his policemen to remain at the bank all night.

In some way the occupants of the automobile eluded capture.

The boys were called in time for their regular work at the athletic field that morning.

And on the same morning Mr. Prescott, Uncle Eb and Joe journeyed cityward for the purpose of putting the Mowbray deed in a stronger vault.

People who loved to believe in mysteries were of the opinion in Woodstock that day that Frank Manley possessed second sight, or some other wonderful and supernatural gift.

CHAPTER V.

DICK GAYLORD GETS TO THINKING AGAIN.

"Frank, I'm afraid you'll have to watch Dick."

"Who—Foster?" queried Manley.

"No; Gaylord."

"Why, what's the matter with poor old Gaylord now?"

"He's altogether too quiet and abstrated looking," warned Hal. "And he goes around looking mighty mysterious. I am afraid he's thinking again."

"Heaven forbid!" muttered Manley, solemnly.

"Well, watch him, that's all; and I will do the same."

Dick Gaylord's "thinking" was one of the bugaboos of the club.

It was his firm belief that he had some of the greatest thoughts that ever came to a boy.

They were all of things that would be great benefits, if they only would work as he expected them to.

Invariably, so far, Dick's thinking had landed the club in trouble.

It had gone so far, in fact, that Manley and the other officers had exacted from Dick a promise that he would do no more thinking without receiving express permission in advance.

But now another thought had come to Dick, just as Hal had suspected. But this new scheme would work. It would prove a huge success. There could be no doubt whatever about the result.

And success would vindicate poor, scoffed-at Gaylord.

It was not such a very ambitious plan, yet its success would be useful to the club.

It was such an innocent plan, in fact, that Dick felt absolved from his promise always to get permission to "think."

It was Sato who got the first inkling. He had left the football field a little early and had gone into the locker room.

Moving noiselessly, the Jap came upon his brother member while the latter was right in the act.

Up on a peg Dick had hung a copper wire, insulated, to which was attached an incandescent light bulb.

Down on his knees on the floor was Dick, doing something to a tumbler in which stood a zinc and a carbon.

"Hello! What you doing?" asked Sato, smilingly.

Dick started like a guilty criminal at finding himself thus discovered.

"Oh, Sato, don't tell any one! Don't!"

"What you doing?" persisted the Jap.

"It's a plan of mine," Gaylord went on breathlessly. "I want to light this locker room by electricity. I've been at work on the plan for days, but I haven't got it just where it will work yet. You see, my scheme is to have a separate battery cell for each light. The battery has to be renewed only once in several weeks. It'll be a cheap and handy way of lighting up, don't you see? We can use the same scheme in our new gym when it's finished, and we can make more powerful lights by using more powerful batteries."

"Well, turn on the light," requested the Jap gravely.

"But I can't yet; that's the trouble," confessed Dick. "I can't get the battery quite strong enough, I tell you."

"That's too bad," replied the Jap, who had studied electricity enough to know that Dick's scheme could not be made to work with one cell.

"If I only knew how to make a real strong battery!" sighed Dick.

"Why, that's easy!" proposed the Jap.

"Now, see here, Sato; you've studied chemistry and electricity a good deal. You're the very one to help me. Do it, and we'll share the credit for the idea."

"I can tell you how to make much stronger battery," said Sato, gravely. "I do not want any credit."

"Tell me," begged Dick.

"Take a glass and half fill it with water," began the Jap slowly.

"Yes, yes!"

"Drop into the water a quarter of an ounce of iron sulphide."

"Iron sulphide. I see," nodded Dick, as if he began to understand. "I was foolish not to think of that before. What else?"

"Then pour into the water about two teaspoonfuls of sulphuric acid. But you must be careful not to use spoon, for the acid would ruin it. You pour in as much sulphuric acid as you guess would make two teaspoons."

"I understand."

"Now just put in piece of zinc in glass, and have the wire fastened to zinc. That is all you have to do."

"And is that strong?" cried Dick, eagerly.

"Strongest thing I know," replied the Jap solemnly.

"By jimminy! I'll do that," breathed Gaylord solemnly. "I've got a little spare money. I'll get the stuff at once. Let me see. A glass half full of water. In that drop a quarter ounce of iron sulphide. Then pour in over the water and iron sulphide about two teaspoonfuls of sulphuric acid."

"That's it," replied Sato.

"I'll have this light going this afternoon when the fellows come in from practice. It'll be great! And oh, Sato, promise me not to say anything about it until I have the light working beautifully."

"I won't say anything," promised the Jap.

Dick was fuller than ever of his plan through the day. At noon he bought the ingredients at a drug store. He carried the stuff to school with him that afternoon, confiding to Sato that he was that far on the road to success.

After school Dick hid his precious package in the locker room. Before the practice was half over Dick made an excuse, left the field, and hurried to the locker room.

Out came the precious package. Dick went to work in earnest, glowing with prospective triumph.

He filled the glass half full of water, measuring it with great exactness. Then he dropped in the iron sulphide, and, last of all, poured in the sulphuric acid.

Now he dropped in the piece of zinc, to which was fastened the wire connecting with the lamp.

"That light'll come mighty quick now," declared Dick, full of confidence in Sato's great knowledge of things.

"Gaylord! Gaylord!" sounded peremptory voices from the field. He had been missed, and was wanted.

"Oh, pshaw!" muttered Dick, disconsolately.

But he knew that he had to go. So, stowing out of sight what was left of the materials, he next picked up the wonderful battery and concealed that, too.

"Gaylord! Gaylord!" came the loud summons again.

Dick had just time to note that there seemed to be a peculiar odor of some kind in the room. He did not think again of it, however, and was soon absorbed in the new football work that Manley was showing.

The practice came to an end at last. Wallie Egbert had gone into the locker room and lighted one of the lamps there. Dick saw the glow from afar and thrilled with excitement.

"There's my light going!" he cried inwardly. "Now what will the fellows have to say about my thinking? This is a proud moment for me. I'll go along with the fellows and show 'em what I've been doing."

Yet, on second thought, Dick decided to hang back. He would let all the fellows go in first. They would be struck dumb with surprise at seeing an electric light going there in the locker room. While the wonder was at its height Dick would march in and grandly accept congratulations.

So Dick vanished out of the line headed for the locker house. He sneaked away and hid, full of expectation.

"Phew!" gasped Hal, starting back as soon as he had thrust his head inside the locker room.

"Murder!" yelled Mike McGuire, and he, too, fell back from the fearful odor that was coming out from the locker room.

"Gosh!" sputtered Bob Everett, as he got a good mouthful of the fearful smell. "What on earth is it?"

"You can have it!" choked Humphrey, reeling back and fighting for a chance at the fresh, pure air.

"What's wrong?" said some one from the rear of the crowd.

And then:

"Oh, what a peculiar odor!"

"Peculiar!"

It came in a roar. There was a tumult.

There were nearly two score of fellows there who wanted to get dressed and home for supper, yet it seemed impossible to remain for ten seconds in the locker room.

"There's something dead in there!" sputtered Si Prentiss.

"It's a dead rat!" guessed Larabee.

"But, oh dear! What on earth did the poor rat die of?" demanded Joe. "If I had anything like that the matter with me I know I would want to die right off!"

"What are we going to do?" asked some one.

"Where's Manley?"

But Frank was off in a far corner of the field—out of sight—where he had been lured and detained by Sato.

"We've got to dress, anyway, if we die for it," said Hal, a look of real distress on his face, for he had a sensitive nose.

He plunged blindly into the room. Joe followed. So did Jackets.

Quickly, but without joy, the other fellows followed.

No matter what the room smelled like, they had to dress and get home.

They threw up the windows, but that did not afford much relief.

Oh, it was sickening in there!

Dick, hiding at a distance, heard the excited comment, but did not guess the exact meaning of it.

"They're astounded," he thrilled, proudly. "I knew they'd be. And now I'll go in and let them know that I'm the author of the surprise."

Dick's chest bulged a little more than usual as he hurried up the steps of the locker house.

Inside, in the locker room, was a crowd of the maddest boys ever gathered together.

"Well, fellows, what do you think of my surprise?" he called out. "Great, isn't it?"

With that he marched to the door of the room and halted there.

"Phew!" he sputtered. "What on earth is this fearful smell? Can it be from the battery?"

"What's that?" shouted a dozen voices at once, and Dick had the center of the stage.

Dick's eyes turned toward the lighted oil lamps, then at his own lightless, incandescent bulb.

"Why, there's something wrong!" he quavered, tears coming to his eyes. "My light ain't working. Can it be my battery that makes this awful smell?"

"Smell?"

Then it suddenly dawned on Joe in a measure. He leaped to his feet, yelling:

"Dick's been thinking again!"

With a mad babel of fury the boys charged.

Gaylord had just presence of mind enough to turn and flee.

His flight changed to a desperate sprint—a race for life, it seemed.

Headlong over the ground he flew with a human hornet's nest at his heels.

Dick was not one of the crack sprinters of the club, but on this occasion he felt equal to smashing records.

Over the ground and out through the gate he tore, with that clamoring mob in his wake.

Once at the gate, his pursuers suddenly realized that not one of them was sufficiently dressed to appear in public.

There was a general slowing-up, a lot of angry growling, and then the Up and At 'Em Boys returned disgustedly to finish their dressing.

At the clew of "battery," Hal, who had not joined in the chase, had followed up the wire and located the glass containing the diabolical mixture.

This he hurled far out into the grounds, and now the smell began by degrees to wane.

"That's the most fearful smell I ever struck," groaned Joe Prescott.

"Like rotten eggs—very rotten ones, I mean," rejoined Jackets.

"It would take a million rotten eggs to make a smell like that," asserted Joe.*

After the discovery of the "battery" the fearful odor was not long in disappearing.

But Dick took fright so badly that he ran nearly all of the way home in his football togs.

The fellows had it in for him!

* This trick is easily played by any one. When the iron sulphide is dropped in the water and sulphuric acid added a gas is generated that baffles description. Druggists have been known to sell iron sulphate in the place of iron sulphide. The sulphate will not do the trick. It must be iron sulphide. Care must be taken not to spill any of the sulphuric acid on the flesh or clothing, as the acid burns. The trick must never be played on a sleeping person, as long-continued inhalation of the gas would be highly poisonous. But no person who is awake will remain in the house long enough to be injured by this gas. After the trick has been played the contents of the glass can be thrown outdoors, and then, after a few minutes' airing, the room is habitable again.—Editor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAT THE DWARF WORE.

"Secretly, I shall be glad when the football season is over," remarked Kitty Dunstan.

"As it's a secret, I suppose I can't ask why," laughed Manley.

His head feeling a little tired from long and hard study, he had chosen to spend the noon hour in walking, rather than going home to lunch.

As a matter of accident and good luck, our hero had encountered Kitty.

She often walked in from her home at noon to get the mail. It was not at all necessary to do this, as there were servants enough at the Dunstan house who could get the mail.

But Kitty, since she became an athletic girl, had developed a fondness for walking.

Probably, too—though she would not have admitted it, she was influenced a good deal by the chance of meeting Frank during the noon hour.

They had met on this day, and were walking slowly out toward the Dunstan house on the hill.

"Oh, I sometimes tell you secrets," confessed Kitty. "I don't know but what I can trust you with this secret."

"Then what is it?" Frank pressed. "Why will you be so glad when the football season is over?"

"I think," Kitty admitted, "that it is likely we shall see a little more of each other when the football eleven has been laid on the shelf."

"I see," nodded Frank. "I appreciate that secret. I, too, shall be glad for the same reason."

"You won't have every minute quite so taken up when football has been shelved, will you?" she demanded.

"Probably not. You see, football is a very exacting task-master."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, because the game is such an intricate one these days. There's a whole big lot to be learned, even by a little club like ours."

"And then the season is a short one."

"Not half long enough to learn all that ought to be learned. But there are great times coming, Kit."

"Yes," she cried, with enthusiasm. "When you let us girls resume those Thursday afternoon dances."

"True," nodded Frank. "What great times we had last spring! But I was thinking, Kit, of even something that beats even the dances."

"Then what is it?"

"The skating season! We fellows shall make the most of it while it's on, for skating is one of the best forms of exercise ever invented. Now, Kit, in the skating season you and I can have our exercise together!"

Miss Kitty's eyes kindled with anticipation.

"Afternoon after afternoon of it," went on Frank. "And the long Saturdays."

"But you won't want to spend all the time on the ice with me," declared Kitty, a sudden disappointment coming to her. "You'll want to be out with the boys."

"True. But why can't you be there, too? While we fellows are drilling, the girls of your club can be skating on another part of the ice. You have a right there, you know. We couldn't drive you off."

"Would you want to?" demanded Miss Kitty, teasingly.

"Don't you ask too many questions. Wait until we drive you away. Oh, there's no end of sport in the winter that the girls make all the pleasanter for us by being around."

"You didn't think that at this time last year, did you?" she asked, teasingly.

"That was because I knew Miss Katherine Dunstan only as a young lady who lived in the same town," Frank replied, promptly.

Kitty looked satisfied with that.

"I wish we girls could do more in athletics," sighed Kitty. "Our regular classes for drill start next week. But there ought to be much more that we could do."

"There's one thing that you can do—all of you," hinted Frank, suddenly.

"What is that, dear?"

"Organize a scheme for giving all the boys and girls in town a chance for physical training. You girls get the place, and we youngsters will map out the course of training and furnish the instructors."

"Why, that could easily be done!" she cried.

"Of course it can, and it ought to be done. You girls can do it better than any one else."

"We'll do it," promised Kitty, with great decision.

"Then this walk has not been wasted," announced Frank.

"Would it have been wasted, otherwise?" she demanded, mockingly.

Frank glanced swiftly up and down the road.

There was no one in sight.

Quick as a flash he drew her behind the friendly trunk of a tree and placed his answer on her lips.

A little further on they came to the gate leading up to Miss Dunstan's house.

As they neared the gate a dwarf straightened up from the other side of the wall and eyed them intently.

He was a curious-looking little specimen of humanity.

His height was not quite four feet. His body was thick-set, his shoulders almost wonderfully broad.

His head was large, and there was something brutish in the shape of it.

His keen, cunning eyes looked them over closely.

"What are you doing inside of that wall?" challenged Frank.

"Looking for my knife," explained the dwarf, showing a pocket knife in one of his hands. "I was throwing it up in the air and it fell on the other side of the wall. Are you Frank Manley?"

"Yes."

"I thought so," replied the dwarf, placing his broad, strong hands on the wall and leaping nimbly over to the road. "So long!"

He was off down the road at a funny little jog, and was soon out of sight.

"What a very remarkable-looking little fellow!" cried Kitty.

"Very," replied Frank. "I'm not altogether sure that I acted wisely in letting him get away so easily."

"Why, he was doing no harm."

"We don't know, for a certainty, what he was up to."

"Oh, he couldn't have meant any harm."

"If it weren't too late," muttered Frank, "I'd go after him now. But, if he was up to anything irregular, he has had time to hide."

"I thought he looked at you rather oddly, Frank."

"He did. And did you notice that hat?"

"What about it, except that it wasn't quite as shabby as the rest of his clothing?"

"By Jove, I've just placed that hat!" cried Frank, suddenly. "Did you note that black hat-band with the bright-red streak running through it? That is unusual in a derby band. And that little silver buckle at the left? And the slight dent in the front of the hat? I remember now who wore that hat?"

"Who?" asked Kitty.

"Dobley! He had it the first time I saw him at the Prescotts'. And I'm sure he wore it the night of the attempted robbery at the bank. And now the dwarf has it. And the dwarf is interested in me. Kit, it's all a combination that interests me. That dwarf must come from Dobley. Prowling around here now in Dobley's interests! Jimminy, Kit! I must——"

Frank's leave-taking was rather more abrupt than usual. He felt that there was not a moment to be lost. He hurried swiftly along on the trail.

The chase, however, seemed in vain.

The dwarf was not to be found.

Nor did any one in Woodstock remember to have seen the odd-looking little man.

But Manley passed the word among those of the fellows upon whom he could most rely.

"Find that dwarf again—and I'll find Dobley!" was the thought that persisted in Manley's mind.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAINING HOUR.

The time went by without any word or sign of Dobley. Mathers, held on the charge of breaking into the bank, had made no effort to get bail.

Nor had Frank, so far, been able to get word of the whereabouts of the dwarf whom he wanted so much to find.

News from the West was much more lively.

Mowbray, reduced to working on a Montana ranch, had nevertheless corresponded with the mining syndicate by wire; and the last news of him was that he was on his way to Denver to meet the syndicate men.

And so Saturday came around, with its own excitement for the Up and At 'Em Boys.

The afternoon's game was to be with Bradford again.

Tod Owen's youngsters were coming over once more to try to wrest the palm from Woodstock.

But this game was to be marked by an additional feature of interest.

Alton's team of grown-ups was coming over in a bunch to watch the game for points on play.

This meant that the Alton men, after looking over the field, had concluded that they could learn more by watching Woodstock and Bradford than from seeing the play of any other junior teams.

Though the first and second Woodstock elevens played an unusually brisk practice game that morning, the youngsters were bright and smiling for the training hour.

That is, all except Dick Gaylord. Ever since the failure of his "battery" he had not enjoyed anything much.

Though the boys had visited on him no worse punishment than tossing him in a blanket, Dick had an uneasy dread that the fellows had something awful in reserve for him.

So he kept in the background, making himself as small and unnoticeable as he could.

"I'll watch out for a chance to make some great stroke at football," was his resolve. "The first time the signal comes my way I'll get a win or die."

Which, if he stuck to it in the right spirit, was one of the wisest "thinks" he had ever had.

"It's Dick Foster's turn to explain a new home-made device this morning," Frank exclaimed, when the training hour squad had assembled to witness the latest device of the home-made boy.*

Dick was ready without any delay. He dragged a carpenter's "horse" over from the side of the field, putting it in position just under the cross-bar of one of the goals.

This done, he shinned up one of the goal-posts and crept out on the bar.

From one of his pockets he drew an old baseball, to which he had made a long cord fast.

Lowering the ball until it cleared the horse by only two or three inches, Dick made the cord fast.

This done, he dropped lightly to the ground, while the fellows wondered what promise lay hidden in this simple-looking device.

"Some time ago," said Dick, by way of explanation, "I began to feel that I was not speedy enough. I seemed too stiff. Not long after that Captain Manley called my attention to the fact. Then I knew for a certainty that I needed speed in my muscles.

"That set me to thinking, and I made up my mind that I could devise something to make myself speedier. I tried a lot of things, but finally decided upon the thing that you see here."

* The "home-made boy" is any member of the club who hits upon a simple and inexpensive bit of gymnastic apparatus such as the average boy can make for himself. The "home-made boy" made his first appearance in No. 1 of Frank Manley's Weekly. The reader who follows all the hints contained in each issue from No. 1 up to date can equip himself with home-made apparatus with which to give himself a full course in gymnastic training.—Editor.

"Have you named the baby?" called Joe, drily.

"Oh, yes," smiled Foster, not at all abashed by the laughter that the query brought out. "I call this the flying ball and hurdle.


"Now, you will understand that any fellow can rig this scheme up in a yard under a tree. Or he can fix it in a barn, or even in the house, if the ceiling is high enough and there is something to fasten the cord to. Of course, under a tree the cord should be fastened to a limb of the tree. In a barn you could tie the cord to a cross-beam."

"What could you tie to it out in a desert?" queried Joe Prescott.

Foster hesitated for a moment, nonplussed, but he did not lose himself for long.

"A bright fellow like you could fasten the cord to a star," retorted Dick, and Joe was through with that line of questioning.

"Now, you will notice that the ball hangs quite low," resumed Dick. "That is so you can take the ball and walk back well from the hurdle.

"By holding the  over your head you can get back quite a good ways.

"When you let go of the ball, of course it will swing just as far to the other side of the hurdle.

"Now, the game is to stand with your feet together, not moving from your position until the ball has got away from you.

"Now you start after the ball as fast as you can go. You clear the hurdle at a leap and catch the ball before it can get back to the side of the hurdle from which it started.

"It looks simple enough, and perhaps you can do it well the first three or four times you try. But you keep it up steadily until you've chased that ball over the hurdle for thirty times and have caught the ball nearly every time.

"You'll find that you can flag in speed and that you can get rattled. But the fellow who can go over the hurdle thirty times and catch the ball on the other side every time has no reason to feel that he is losing speed."

"I'll confirm that," nodded Manley. "I have done quite a lot of it on the quiet since Foster gave me the idea, and I know what his scheme will do for speed."

"Then you call the device a good one?" asked Si Prentiss.

"It's more than good," rejoined Manley. "It's first-class—bully. It's one of the best ideas that has been turned in. I hope that for the present every fellow will have a go at the flying ball and hurdle at least three or four times a week."

"What does Sato say?" queried Larabee.

"It is as good idea as I have seen," replied the Jap, promptly.

That settled with the club the position of Dick Foster's new training idea. When both Manley and Sato indorsed a thing it was bound to be good.

"Suppose you work it, Foster," proposed Joe.

"Quite willing," nodded the happy young inventor.

In rapid succession he followed the ball over the hurdle twelve times, catching it in every instance.

"Shall I go the whole thirty?" asked Dick.

"No," replied Manley. "You've got the trick all right. Let some one else have a chance. Joe, it's up to you."

There was a ready assent to this from all sides, for Joe had shown a little disposition to guy the thing.

So Joe gamely tackled the new invention.

The seventh time he failed to get the ball, quick as he was. He missed again on the tenth try.

"That's enough for the first showing-up of J. Prescott," grinned Joe. "I'll tackle the thing on the quiet before I make another public exhibition of my skill."

Yet, after several others had tried, it was found that Joe had made an average good showing for a beginner with the flying ball and hurdle.

"You've all learned something this morning," laughed Frank. "In general, you fellows seem to be a pretty speedy lot. But there's a simple scheme that shows most of you up as being a trifle slow."

"Well, how about your speed, old fellow?" demanded Joe.

"I'll see what I can do with it," rejoined Manley.

There was a good deal of interest by the time that our hero had made the attempt fifteen times without missing.

There was more intense interest with each succeeding effort up to the twentieth.

After that the thing began to grow monotonous, until, at the twenty-seventh trial, the ball got away from Manley.

"I'm not satisfied with myself yet," admitted Frank. "I shan't be until I can do it thirty times without missing day after day."

"You have given us something that will keep us hard at work, Foster," praised Jackets, who had failed at the twelfth and seventeenth attempts.

"The beauty of this work," said Manley, "is that it puts every muscle into play except the arms. But a fellow could come pretty near to making a complete gymnasium out of this scheme and the bag drills."*

"But suppose a fellow hasn't a carpenter's horse?" suggested one of the younger members.

"Make a hurdle in any old way," replied Dick Foster, promptly. "For instance, drive two stakes into the ground and tie a fish-pole to them at the right height from the ground. Or tie a cord from one stake to the other, or from one tree to another. No fellow need be stumped for some kind of a hurdle."

While all this talk had been going on one shy, little fellow stood at the rear of the crowd, looking eagerly on.

This was little Tim Felton, a puny boy without strength or vitality, whose training Frank had undertaken a few days before.

Our hero had promised Tim that, if he would only follow training orders strictly, he would become as strong as any other boy of his age.

* The bag drills give a wonderful variety of gymnastic work in which nothing more expensive is used than a bag filled with sand or beans. These bag drills are fully described in Nos. 2, 3 and 4 of Frank Manley's Weekly.—Editor.

Manley had given Tim some starting instructions, the first of them being along the lines of plenty of fresh air, with some very light exercise.*

"What do you think of that one, Tim?" asked Frank.

"It looks fine."

"It is fine."

"Can I add it to the exercises that I am doing now?"

Frank thought for a moment, looking down at the short, puny, little figure.

"Well, yes, Tim: I guess I'll let you do a little of this work, if you'll agree to stick to orders closely."

"Oh, I will—indeed I will."

"Well, the hurdle is not to be an inch more than eighteen inches high."

"I understand."

"And you are to do the work just three times in the morning, three at noon, and three at night."

"Only three tries at a time?"

"Not another one."

"All right, then. I'll stick to orders."

"And you understand, Tim, that each week you will be able to take a little more exercise. By slow degrees we'll bring you on, until you can do as much work as any of the fellows here. How are you feeling to-day?"

"Oh, ever so much stronger, thank you! I sleep better at night, and I feel brighter and happier all the time."

"Of course you do, little one! That's just what physical training is for. Now I am going to show you a little more work that you can do, too."

Manley thereupon showed his little pupil how to do the abdominal drill with the cot, limiting him, at the start, to three of these in the morning and three at night.

Next our hero illustrated the side bending, telling Tim to bend each side three times, morning and night.

"After a few weeks," promised Manley, "you'll be doing the full number of thirty at a time."†

"Keep the good work going, Tim," was our hero's cheery parting counsel. "In another week you'll be able to get back to school."

"I feel as if I could go now," urged Tim.

"But you can't. Get in another good full week of running around in the open air."

Manley looked after the slim little fellow earnestly, and with something very like tears in his eyes.

"I wonder," he thought chokingly, "I wonder how many little shavers there are in the United States who are going around nearly dead all the time—just the way Tim was looking up to a few days ago?"

At all events, Tim Felton was stepping along briskly enough now, and holding up his head and shoulders, with his chest well out.

* The first of these instructions for building a sickly boy into a strong and enduring youngster will be found in No. 9 of Frank Manley's Weekly.—Editor.

† The abdominal drills will be found, fully described, in Nos. 28 and 22 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. They are of great importance in aiding digestion and in strengthening all the vital organs. Health depends largely on the proper working of the organs.—Editor.

CHAPTER VIII.

HECK PICKS THE WINNERS.

"We lose to-day," grunted Joe.

He was one of the first Woodstock boys to come out of the locker house after getting into togs.

"What makes you so sure?" quoth Manley.

"Look at the great Bradford mob that keeps pouring into the best seats."

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Frank.

"Why, the tip has been passed around in Bradford to come over and see us done up."

"And is that your only reason for believing that we're going to be beaten?"

"About the only one, I guess," grinned Joe.

"Then I shall not lose my nerve yet," laughed Frank.

"Here's a man coming who can tell you which team is going to win," hinted Prescott.

It was old Hek Owen who was approaching—Hek, the father of Tod Owen, the boy who captained the Bradfords.

Hek's round, rubicund face shone with its usual look of happy confidence.

"Do me a favor, Mr. Owen," begged Joe.

"Of course, lad. What is it?"

"Pick the winners to-day."

"Pick the winners?" echoed Hek. "Why, any one who has followed the two teams can do that."

"Then you really believe we're going to follow up our record by giving Bradford another trouncing?"

"There's another way of getting at the result," Hek announced, gravely.

"What is that?"

"Why, you can figure that Bradford has shown up better and better every time the two clubs have met. Bradford has had a lot of hard work since you two teams fought together. That good coaching is going to tell to-day. Bradford will skate by you."

"I heard something to that effect the other day," said Joe, innocently.

"You did?"

And Hek's face beamed with delight.

"Yes," went on the merciless Joe. "Some one said that the Bradfords were a lot of skates."

But if Hek took any offence at this pleasantry his face was very far from showing it.

"Good enough, Prescott," he chuckled. "But did you ever hear about the Irishman who was going to jump into the field, seize the bull by the horns, and twist him around and around, and make the bull do all sorts of funny antics?"

"No," said Joe; "but in this case I think I see the drift of things."

"The Irishman got to laughing so hard over the thought of what he would do to the bull that it was a quarter of

an hour before he could stop laughing long enough to get over the fence and tackle the bull."

"Well?" queried Joe.

"When the Irishman came out in the road again he grumbled: 'Bedad, I'm that sore now that I'm glad I had my laugh first.'"

"Yet, Mr. Owen, you always will insist on laughing before the game is played," hinted Joe.

Hek looked suddenly sheepish.

"But that wasn't the point," he protested.

"Wasn't it?" Joe wanted to know. "Oh, I thought you were trying to explain why you always laugh before the game."

Tod, who had come up behind his father, heard the dialogue with a grin.

"I've always tried to tell dad that a Welshman wasn't safe to be trusted with a joke."

"That'll do you, young man," warned his father. "I can handle a joke as well as you can a football."

"That's what I've been trying to explain," remarked Joe Prescott.

With that Hek gave it up and listened while Frank and Tod discussed plans for the coming skating and ice-boating season.

"And be sure you arrange for some curling," urged Hek. "That's a gentleman's game."

"Ever play it, Mr. Owen?" was on the tip of Joe's caustic tongue, but he bit his lips and left the words unsaid, for he remembered how hard old Hek had worked to bring about the good feeling that now existed between these two clubs, once the bitterest of enemies.

"There come the Altons," nodded Tod, as a new crowd appeared at the gate and came upon the grounds to the tune of the noisiest yells that could be heard outside of Bedlam.

"They've come to learn how the game is played," smiled Frank.

"Go and tell them, lad," urged Hek, turning to Joe.

The Altons went to some of the best seats on the grandstand, seats that had been carefully selected in advance.

The field was lively enough by this time with the young men practicing.

Referee Comstock, watch in hand, suddenly put a stop to the practice.

It was time for the toss-up before the captains.

Bradford had been playing the same club for weeks. The men represented the pick of the club and they had been drilled unceasingly together.

Gus Hepnak was center, with Cross, Krish and Dill to the right of him, and Shirley, Bascomb and Craig at the left. Tod was quarter, with Distleigh for right half and Lawson for left. Heavy, powerful Leeson was full-back.

Woodstock had the same team as on the week before. Even Gaylord, who had feared being dropped, was still playing left tackle.

Frank named the turn, and Tod got the toss.

Bradford chose to kick off, which gave the home boys the choice of goals.

Bradford got the ball well down into Woodstock territory, and kept it there for the first ten minutes, yet they failed to score.

Frank noted one thing that gave him what he believed to be a clew to coming plans.

Leeson, the big and powerful, Bradford's most formidable man where weight and muscle counted, was doing practically nothing whenever Bradford had the pigskin.

"They're saving Leeson for something when our fellows are a little played out," our hero found chance to whisper to Quarter-back Sato.

The little Jap nodded.

"Probably a fake kick with a run around the ends," hinted Manley.

"It must be that."

So Manley passed the word to look out for Leeson, and especially for a fake kick by Bradford's full-back.

But at this point Sato fairly wriggled his way twice inside the enemy's interference and got the runner down.

Thus the ball came to Woodstock on Bradford's failure to get the ball five yards ahead after three downs.

"Now give it to 'em!" breathed Frank.

Sato's signals rang out for the tackle-back formation on the left.

It was Dick Gaylord's looked-for chance.

Joe fairly hurled himself into the breach to help against the Bradford line.

Dick was put down at last, but he had carried the ball ahead four yards.

It was the best play Gaylord had made that season.

The din was fast and furious, Alton leading in noisiness, while only Bradford rooters were silent.

The next formation was made with Gaylord back of right tackle.

It looked like a repetition of the trick that had worked so well.

Tod Owen, for one, so read the intention, for Manley often repeated a good play.

But this time, as Dick got the ball, he rushed directly at right guard, who, with right tackle, helped to boost him through.

And back of Gaylord were the four backs, a mass of weight that fairly broke the Bradford line.

Tod leaped nimbly into the fray, wriggled and fought, and finally got Gaylord down on the ball.

Woodstock was the gainer, however, by five and a half yards.

The cheering became hoarse.

"I'll save myself, if I don't make some fool break," quivered Dick.

In his anxiety he declined to do any original thinking. He lived only for the signals.

Again Woodstock's left tackle went back. Bradford was getting worried, while Dick was becoming a trifle winded.

The signal, however, told Dick that this time he was all but to rest.

It was to be a delayed pass to left half this time, one of the best things in Manley's football strategy.

Getting the ball on the snap, Sato turned and pretended to pass it to Gaylord, who dashed by him at top speed.

Feigning to receive the ball, and bending well over, Dick hurled himself at right guard.

Bradford hunched itself to meet the shock, for the backs were in full tilt behind Gaylord.

But it was Frank, who, as he ran around quarter, really got the ball.

Our hero was in swift pace as he darted by. He shot for his own right tackle-end hole.

The success of the ruse was instant and all but complete. Manley was tackled and downed, but he had advanced the ball a trifle more than twenty yards.

"Great!" roared Alton, as in one voice. "Great!"

Tod, though, was not discouraged. He was something at tactics, even if somewhat inferior in strategy.

He bunched his weight once more, seeming always to strike, now, where the ball was, and by very force of impact he began to wear his nimbler opponents down.

Then there came the time when Woodstock lost the ball under the five-yard rule.

But Bradford lost the pigskin in turn within the next few minutes, and the ball was still well within Bradford territory.

"How's your speed, Sato?" whispered Manley, as the ball came back to them.

"Could not be better," was the Jap's answer.

"Feeling like a fast run?"

"Anything!"

"Then why not run around one of the ends?"

"I shall try," was the little brown fellow's answer.

Again the signal, crisply, for a tackle back.

Dick danced behind right tackle as if eager to be off with the ball, but it was all sham. He knew he was not to have the glory this time.

At the snap Dick ran, but without the ball. He dashed around the right end.

Sato had made a pretext of passing, but the gesture served only to get him started and to let Frank touch the ball.

How that Jap ran!

He went to the rear of Gaylord, while McGuire and Bob Everett hurled themselves at Bradford's left end.

It was upon Manley and Gaylord that the interference fell, and they did their work brilliantly.

The Jap was still running!

Past Bradford's line and to the rear of it.

Just too late, Tod, Bascomb, Craig and Lawson hurled themselves in as a mob; but Sato was by them.

They got only Gaylord, who, at this point, could be well spared.

But that little Jap was still running, and Manley with him.

Only Leeson was left to be reckoned with.

That powerful fellow, who had no liking for the Jap, tried to jump in.

But Manley planted his foot so that Leeson struck his leg against Frank's, pitching him forward.

That settled it. Sato was over the line. A touchdown! It was Hal's try for goal, and he kicked it.

Five minutes to play!

Yet in that five minutes Bradford rallied, forced the fighting, and kicked a goal from the twenty-five-yard line.

Score for the first half, six to four!

CHAPTER IX.

TWO CAN PLAY AT FAKE KICKS.

Up on the grandstand Miss Kitty Dunstan was enjoying herself hugely.

She had an aisle seat. Just across the way sat Miss Dodge, the Bradford girl who had been "mean" to her in their boarding-school days.

Miss Dodge was now guilty of the added offence of being an enthusiastic Bradford rooter.

Even worse, she was rumored to have accepted some attentions of late from Tod Owen.

It might be true enough that Frank and Tod were now good friends. Miss Kitty was not wholly sure that she could ever forgive the Bradford captain for all the mean things he had done to Manley in the past.

The sides had fought through the first fifteen minutes of the second half without showing more than that they were pretty evenly matched in keenness and stubbornness.

"It's getting tedious now," Kitty drawled pleasantly across the way.

"Interesting, I call it," retorted Clara Dodge. "Bradford is preparing for the decisive play."

"Do you think so?" asked Kitty, sweetly. "For my part, I have seen the clubs play so often that I have a sort of instinct when the game is settled. Woodstock may score again, but doesn't care to. Bradford can't score any more to-day. I've been following these games a long time, you know."

"Yes, I know," retorted Miss Dodge, with a very sweet smile. "You have a strong personal interest in these matches, while I haven't."

Kitty flushed quickly, though she came back gamely and amiably:

"But, now that you have a personal interest, I hope that we shall see you here oftener."

Clara Dodge bit her lips and resolved to get even at some other time.

But just then Miss Dodge bent over the aisle with great animation, her glistening eyes turned to the field.

The ball was now down at Bradford's twenty-yard line, and had just come to Bradford under the five-yard rule.

"See Leeson scooting back?" whispered Miss Dodge. "I know what that move means. Bradford has decided for the fake kick. Now you'll see things happen."

"Undoubtedly!" was Kitty Dunstan's dry rejoinder.

Clara Dodge had guessed correctly.

Lawson got the ball from quarter-back, and, instead of

passing at once, he and Leeson ran in almost parallel lines around Bradford's right end.

It was well done, and had the full and powerful Bradford support.

But Manley and Sato had guessed the move. They were ready—in the way!

Well back, these two got at Leeson just as he came past the end.

He was down by the time that the ball had been advanced a yard and a half.

Miss Dodge sat back with a sharp cry of disappointment.

"That isn't one of Bradford's really good plays, is it?" queried Kitty, artfully.

"Yes, it is; but it went off badly just this once."

"Hear those delighted Alton men," commented Kitty.

For the Altons, as one man, and in tones of great glee, were shouting pleadingly:

"Give the babes a chance, Manley!"

Now, again, it became sledge-hammer play, each side seeking to wear the other out—Bradford, in order that a brilliant rush might be made, while Woodstock sought to tire its opponents too greatly for anything swift and brilliant to be possible.

There was a sudden, quick interchange of silent signals between Manley and his Japanese quarter-back.

Woodstock had the ball at about Bradford's thirty-yard line.

Manley had resolved to try to show Bradford just how a fake kick should be played.

At the signal, Humphrey, Woodstock's right end, sidled swiftly further out to the right.

The snapback came immediately while Bradford's left end was trying to cover Humphrey.

Instead of going to quarter, the ball went direct to Manley, who started to run around the right end.

Bob Everett had fallen far back, as if to take the ball for kick.

The instant, however, that the ball was in play Everett was off on a wide sweep for the right end and running for dear life.

Frank and Bob were running nearly parallel, while McGuire darted in past right tackle.

Sato, at the same time, had taken a wide sweep to the right of McGuire.

Just as they started Alton woke up to something unusual.

That fake kick worked like lightning.

Before Alton could grasp it Frank had passed the ball to Full-back Everett at the instant that they passed behind Humphrey.

Supported by a grand interference, Bob steamed around Woodstock's right end.

Manley and Sato formed the backbone of the interference.

Gracious! How Old Reliable Everett could run when he got started!

With such men as Manley and Sato to look out for him wonders could be accomplished.

Bradford's best men were swept aside like chaff in that supreme moment.

For Manley and his Jap ally were bound that Bob should run all the way to the next town if he chose.

And run he did, while Leeson groaned as he hit the earth, and knew that the last Bradford ditch had been taken.

Of course it was a touchdown. A fake kick like that, worked from the opponent's thirty-yard line, could not very well be anything else.

Hal, who was fresh and in fine spirits, kicked the ball neatly over the goal, thus completing the best play of the day.

Twelve minutes remained to play—twelve minutes in which many things were destined to happen.

Woodstock was jubilant—too confident.

A score of twelve to four was not likely to be upset in a dozen minutes.

"Don't feel too sure," begged Manley. "Hammer away as if the score was against us."

Some of the fellows took the advice to heart; others did not as seriously as they should have done.

Within four minutes Bradford had kicked a goal from near the twenty-five-yard line.

This was a style of tactics at which the visitors were particularly handy.

"Now wake up!" adjured Manley, irritably.

The play went on again, with twenty-two jaded youngsters fighting with all the energy that was left in them.

Bradford was savagely out to win now—Woodstock desperately determined to save the menaced game.

"Don't play a foul game!" rang out Tod's distinct warning, as he saw some of his fellows heading up toward rough-house methods.

Young Owen had gained that much from Manley, at last—that all sport must be carried on as gentlemen do anything they undertake.

Up on the grandstand old Hek quivered with anxiety as the two teams lined up for another kick-off.

With three minutes to play the ball was twenty-eight yards from Woodstock's goal.

What made matters worst of all was that the pigskin was in Bradford hands, and in no immediate danger of being lost.

Tod immediately decided on a tackle back play. From the preparation it looked like a fake.

It came with dizzying swiftness—a true left tackle run around right end.

It was splendidly done. Bradford's final, rallying attempt at interference was grand!

Past Manley and Sato the runner got, backed by his interference.

Even reliable Everett failed to stop a runner so well supported.

Touchdown!

Woodstock on the grandstand gasped and felt weak.

Bradford rooters, after the first instant of dazed surprise, let out such a howl of delirious joy as had seldom been heard on the Woodstock grounds.

The little multitude of onlookers stood up while the try for goal was being made.

Tod Owen tried the kick. The pigskin cleared the bar.

And that brought the game to its finish—fourteen to twelve for Bradford.

The Woodstock players went gloomily off the field.

"It'll be a good thing for the club in the long run," clicked Manley to his chum. "It'll teach the fellows never to look upon a game as won until it is over. Careless self-confidence and Bradford's growing play lost the game for us to-day."

Up on the stand old Hek Owen was all but executing a war-dance. Thus far these days of victory over Woodstock had been few.

Clara Dodge smiled jubilantly as she looked at Manley's sweetheart.

But Kitty Dunstan, true little lover of sport that she was, turned to Miss Dodge with a friendly smile.

"I congratulate you!" cried Kitty. "It was a splendid game!"

Miss Dodge's feeling of triumph diminished rapidly before that prompt acknowledgment.

"Best congratulations, old fellow," was Frank's quick, cheery greeting as he met happy Tod Owen at the door of the locker house.

There is no bitterness in defeat when it is taken in that sportsmanlike way.

CHAPTER X.

DICK FOSTER, SPECIAL!

"As soon as our gymnasium is finished——"

That was as far as Hal Spofford got.

He and Sato had dropped in on Frank that Saturday evening to talk over some special club affairs.

But as Hal was in the middle of his sentence there came a peal from the doorbell.

It was no ordinary ring, either.

Whoever was making the summons was plainly in a state of great excitement, or else on an errand requiring great haste.

Manley rose, but ere he could leave the room the ring came again.

"Gracious!" quivered Hal.

"Must be in a hurry!" commented Sato.

Frank stepped briskly to the door, and turned the knob just as a third loud ring came.

It was Dick Foster, flushed and breathless, who stood on the porch.

"Oh, Frank——"

"Come in," urged Frank, stepping aside. "Nothing wrong, I hope."

Dick almost tumbled into the hallway.

"Hal and Sato are in the sitting-room," said Manley. "Go right in."

Dick went, but he moved as one in a dream.

Frank followed and stood looking at Foster, who seemed to be making heroic efforts to get his breath.

"Oh, Frank, the greatest ever——"

"It must be!" laughed Frank. "Cool down and tell us about it."

"It was just by accident——"

Dick stopped again, as if it would not do to come to his news too abruptly.

"Go on!" encouraged our hero.

"I was out running——"

"Yes?"

"Thought I needed some road work."

"No doubt you did."

"But I hadn't any idea——"

"No, I suppose not."

"It was the greatest thing——"

"So I suppose."

Sato was smiling quietly at Dick's excitement. Hal did not seem to know whether to be mystified or provoked.

"Oh, Frank," went on Foster, breathlessly, "you could never guess."

"What's the use, when you're telling me so clearly?"

"I thought perhaps I was dreaming."

"One does sometimes do that, you know."

"But this is no dream," retorted Dick, hotly.

"I shall have to take your word for it, old fellow, until I have further particulars."

"Stop mooning, Foster, and get right down to business," admonished Hal, severely.

"Isn't that just what I'm trying to do?" demanded the youngster, with a hurt air.

"Well, go on. Now, then, what happened?"

"Why, as I said, I thought I needed a good, long run, and I went out for one."

"Yes; we know that."

"I went along the river road," explained Dick.

"An excellent place to run."

"I went over almost to Bradford."

"That's good."

"And then turned and ran back. But right near our old summer camp I got out of wind."

"Just as you are now?"

For Dick had stopped gaspingly.

"I thought that in a few minutes I'd have my wind back, so I stopped and rested."

"That was wise," encouraged Hal, as Dick stopped once more.

"Well, where I stopped was in the deep shadow under some trees."

"Yes."

"Right close to the road that leads down to the old building that we used for a summer clubhouse."

"I know the locality well," nodded Hal, gravely.

"I must have stood there for about five minutes."

"I haven't a doubt of it," retorted Hal, soothingly.

"And then—oh, you can't guess!"

"No, I can't."

"A man came by."

"Really?"

"No; a dwarf."

Here Frank began to get a clew to Dick's excitement.

But our hero neither stirred nor spoke.

"It was a short dwarf," Dick went on.

"That's a peculiarity common to most dwarves," observed Hal.

"Frank," burst out Dick Foster, unable to hold his news any longer, "it was your dwarf—the one you wanted shadowed if he showed up again."

"And you've taken all this time to tell me that?" demanded Frank, opening his eyes in surprise.

"But ain't you surprised?"

"Of course I am!"

"But don't you want to know where he went?"

"Of course I do. I suppose you'll get to that in the course of an hour."

"Frank, he went——"

"Yes, I quite believe you," nodded Frank; "go on."

"Oh, pshaw!" grunted Dick.

He was surprised and hurt that his tidings failed to produce any impression on these listeners.

But Hal suddenly leaped to his feet, seized Foster by the shoulders, and shook him vigorously.

"Dick," roared the club's lieutenant, "you ought to be thumped! When you come in with important information, what do you mean by getting such a case of rattles? Now cool down, and tell us in a sane, sensible way just what you've got to say."

"Ain't I trying to?"

"No, you're not; and you're losing a lot of valuable time."

"Let him answer me," interposed Frank. "Now, Dick, you saw that same dwarf that I've asked the fellows to look out for. How do you know that it was the right chap?"

"Felt sure it must be the same one," said Dick, soberly. Then he described the fellow.

"Yes," replied Frank, thoughtfully; "I guess you are right. Now, was the dwarf alone?"

"Yes."

"Did you follow him?"

"Yes."

"Where did he go?"

"You can't guess."

"Stop that!" warned Hal.

"Tell me!" insisted Manley.

"The dwarf went into our old summer clubhouse."

"You are positive of that?"

"Saw him go in with my own eyes," declared Foster, solemnly.

"How did he get in?"

"Rapped on the back door, and some one let him in."

This was, indeed, great news, even if it had taken a long time to get it.

Frank did some rapid thinking, while Hal, with a strong grip on Dick's nearer arm, repressed any tendency in that young man to "boil over."

"You are sure, then," demanded Frank, "that there are others beside the dwarf stopping in that old house?"

"Yes; because I snooped around and listened. I heard men talking inside."

"What were they saying?"

"I couldn't make that out."

"Was the place lighted?"

"Yes; I saw that when the door opened for the dwarf. But the windows must be blanketed, for when the door is closed no light shows outside."

"And then what did you do, Dick?"

"Came straight here on the run."

"And tried to get us all as rattled as yourself," supplemented Hal, grimly.

"See here, Dick," explained Frank, patiently, "you need poise. You want to keep cool when there is anything important on. I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me such news."

"I knew you would be."

"And I'm greatly disappointed in you to find that you can go off the handle so easily."

"Oh, I didn't, did I?" queried Dick, crestfallenly.

"You certainly did," declared Hal.

"Well, I'll try not to do it again," promised Foster, humbly.

He looked "all cut up." Had he been a smaller boy, there is no doubt that he would have cried in his disappointment.

He had expected to be something of a hero, and here he found himself looked upon by older and smarter boys as being something like a fool.

"You'll learn in time, Dick, to keep your wits," said Manley, cheerfully.

Sato, the last to remain seated, had now risen and gone into the hallway for his hat.

"What are you going to do about it all?" Dick asked.

"Naturally," rejoined Frank, "we're going to have a look at the old house, and perhaps at the people in it."

"Can I go, too?"

"Yes; it would certainly be pretty mean to leave you behind, after you've brought us the word."

"But keep your wits," advised Hal.

"You will send word to Joe?" Sato put in, quietly.

"Yes," replied Manley, stepping to the telephone.

Fortunately, Prescott was at home. He got word to join the others on the way.

And now Dick got a very good idea of what it means to keep cool in the time of excitement.

These youngsters, all of them runners of the first order, did not go off at headlong speed as soon as they reached the street.

They merely walked briskly, talking but little, and then not of the object of the trip.

At his own corner Joe joined them and fell in beside Sato.

Joe knew enough of the news to know where they were going.

He also knew why they were going, but he asked for no further information.

In all times of excitement, unless talking would do some good, Joe preferred to remain silent.

So, with but few words spoken, the boys walked on, in such a manner as to attract the least attention from those who met them.

They quitted the town and turned on to the river road.

As most of the dwellings along the highway were summer residences only, the road was dark and lonely at this time of the year.

After they had got well along the road Manley turned and asked:

"Wouldn't it be just as well if we took a little jog?"

With that they broke into a slow, steady trot, Frank remembering that Dick had already done much running, and setting the pace accordingly.

Twice Frank slowed up for a short walk, each time on account of Foster's fatigued muscles.

A quarter of a mile from the summer clubhouse the youngsters closed down to a stealthy walk, going in two files and on either side of the road, well under the shadows of the trees.

"Stay here for the present," requested Frank, as they reached the road leading down to the old building. "I'll go forward alone. If I get into any trouble I can sing out for you."

Manley went forward with the utmost stealth, gliding in and out among the trees, and prepared to throw himself down on the ground and hug the darkness in case any one should come from the building.

In his careful way he made a trip around the house.

Not a glimmer of light came from any part of the old building.

Even the cracks at the tops and bottoms of the doors, apparently, had been taken care of.

It was an ideal place for enemies of the Up and At 'Em Boys to hide in—about the last place in the country that would have been suspected.

Having taken the best view that he could from a distance, our hero went closer.

Again he circled the little old house, this time listening for voices or any other sound of human occupancy.

For some minutes all was silence. Then came the sharp tap-tap of a small hammer.

"Be careful!" he heard a voice say.

"Sh!"

"Well, you know, or ought to know, that it's dangerous even to jar dynamite."

Dynamite?

Frank pricked up his ears sharply, stealing closer under the window of the room in which the voice sounded.

Dynamite?

In the hands of rascals that stuff was sure to spell mischief.

"I've got here just at the right time," muttered Frank, trembling a little over the importance of the discovery.

Stepping with the tread of a cat, he got under the window, with one of his ears at the sill.

Dynamite?

CHAPTER XI.

RUMPUS ROYAL.

The voices that came from inside now were muffled.

Strain his hearing as he would, Manley could not distinguish the words.

"When we were here last summer the catch on this window was broken," reflected our hero. "I wonder if it's still the case?"

Very, very gently he tried the sash.

It yielded to his slight effort.

Hardly a half an inch did the young athlete dare to raise the sash.

The wind was sharp to-night. If those inside felt a draught of the cold air it might lead to a discovery that would upset some of Manley's quickly-forming plans.

But he got the window up enough to hear more clearly.

"It's a risky bit of business, I tell you," some one on the other side of the blanketed window was objecting.

"I know it," retorted another voice.

Frank knew the last speaker in an instant. It was Doble.

"After all, what's the use of doing a thing like this?"

"Principle," retorted Doble.

"You must be an authority on principle!" gritted eaves-dropping Frank under his breath.

"But if we're caught——"

"We won't be."

"It's a foolish piece of business."

"When you get through kicking," snapped Doble, "you can shut up."

"Haven't we got some rights in this matter?"

"Now, see here; who is supposed to be at the head of this crowd since Mathers got pinched and locked up?"

"You are."

"Then follow orders," retorted Doble, in a voice like the low snarl of a wild beast. "I won't stand for any kicking by any of you."

"But this seems foolish," put in another voice.

"Shut up!"

"Just for revenge——"

"Who wouldn't want revenge?" cried Doble, in a louder voice than he had been using. "Here we are, all of us on the threshold of a great fortune. Then along come some

boys, who ought to be studying their lessons, or working hard, and they spoil all our careful plans. Bludge was right when he said these boys ought to be blown out of existence. That's what I'm going to do."

"If the boys themselves are willing!" thrilled Frank. "And so you really do belong in the Bludge combination?"

"You'll get us all hanged," grumbled one of the protestors.

"Serve you right if I did!" snapped Doble. "But you are going to follow orders, and that's all there is to it. And, after all, what have you got to do that's so full of chances? Each one of you is to take one of these boxes. Each of you will have to place the box in the house in question. You have to force a window, get inside, place the box, get outside, and wait until the second of one o'clock. Just at the second you'll light a five-minute fuse. Then you'll all join me; I've got an automobile ready. By the time that three houses are in ruins we're the better part of two miles away from the town. We get a few miles more in a hurry, and then we scatter and go different ways. How can we be suspected or caught? How can we get into any trouble before we're safely out West again?"

"How, I wonder?" mocked Frank, silently.

Doble was speaking again.

"Now let's have it all understood, for if one of you fails I swear that all protection shall be taken away from him. You know what that means! Any fellow from whom Bludge's protection is taken will be sure enough to land up behind the bars one of these near days.

"Now, the three houses to be attended to to-night are the Manley, Prescott and Spofford houses."

"They are, eh?" growled Frank.

"You, Craven, are to attend to the Prescott house; you, Leonard, are assigned to the Manley house; Juggins will set off the bomb at Spofford's."

"That's well enough laid out," admitted our hero, mockingly.

"There'll be three explosions, all at once," continued Doble, "and then the town will be wild. There'll be so much excitement that no one will think of us, or using the telephone, until it's too late. An hour of swift flight along the road I've selected, and we'll be harder to find than any needle in the middle of a haystack."

Frank shivered and felt clammy.

He realized how easily such an escape could be made if the rascals were well supplied with funds.

"There'll be three homes wrecked, and probably a few folks killed," went on Doble, with savage satisfaction. "The newspapers to-morrow will tell how well I have succeeded. And woe to any of you whose bomb fails to explode!"

"Oh, we understand all that," growled one of Doble's hearers. "Of course you can depend on us. We know what would happen if we failed you. But you don't need to be quite so ugly about it."

"As it's only a little after eight, and there's nothing doing in town until half-past twelve," suggested Doble,

"we might as well eat, smoke and be merry. But remember—there must not be any drinking to-night. Craven, is the supper ready?"

"Yes," answered a voice, which Frank now recognized as the dwarf's.

"We'll go in and eat, then," said Doble.

"But these boxes?" interposed one of the men.

"Oh, they'll be all right just where they are. Nobody has any suspicion that's there's any one in this house."

"That's so!" confirmed Manley grimly, under his breath.

He heard the men go out and close the door after them.

"Well, of all the programmes!" muttered Frank. "But I've got an idea this one won't be carried out."

After a moment's thought our hero turned and made his way back to his waiting friends.

In a few but vigorous words he told them what he had heard.

"Great Scott!" chattered Dick Foster. "Why——"

"Don't say it," warned Hal, grasping him by the arm. "Wait until you're told what to do. Leave the planning to a cooler head."

"But——" protested Dick.

Joe stepped heavily on Foster's toe.

Dick would have cried out with pain, but Sato clapped a preventing hand over his mouth.

"Mighty awkward of me," admitted Joe. "But really, Dick, you ought not to take up Manley's time in this way. Wait and hear what he's going to say?"

Dick took the hint.

Yet Manley did not speak at once.

It was perplexing to know what to do, but there was one plan that he favored more than any other.

"Now listen, fellows," he begged, "and give me your views, please."

"My view——" began Dick, with great promptness.

But Sato choked off his suggestion by means of a nudge in the leg.

"We ought to send for help and have these rascals arrested," went on Frank. "Yet we don't know how long they intend to stay here. They may not remain here until the time to leave for Woodstock. And it would take quite a bit of time to get word to Woodstock. Now, I've been wondering if we could get into the house, get hold of the boxes, and sneak them out of the house while those fellows are eating."

"We ought to be able to get into the house without much racket," replied Joe. "Get that dynamite out of the way, and we've drawn the fangs out of those human rattlers."

"Not wholly," corrected Hal. "You can be sure that Doble is armed again, and so are the rest of the crew. If we're discovered, some of us are sure to get hurt."

"That's what I've been thinking of," replied Frank. "I don't want to see any of us laid up or killed."

"Doble would take huge delight in shooting us full of holes," grimaced Joe.

"I'm certainly all for sending for the police," put in Dick, nervously.

"So would I be," admitted our hero, "if it were not for some chance that Doble & Co., with the boxes of dynamite in their possession, might have the best of things. For they won't stay over their supper all evening."

"It looks as if the best chance would be to risk all on getting the dynamite out of the way," observed Hal, quietly.

"And of course, as soon as that is done, and discovered, Doble & Co. will know that the game is discovered," objected Joe. "Now, it will never do to let such enterprising scoundrels get loose again. They must be bagged or bottled up tight, or else to-night's plan will be repeated by them at some better time."

"Well, then, shall we send one of you into Woodstock?" asked Frank.

"No, sir. Get the dynamite first."

"And then?"

"Bag the scoundrels themselves."

"And risk their killing us?"

"That's safer than some chances we might take by losing the gang," urged Joe. "What do the rest of you think?"

Dick, for once, knew better than to speak. The others did not know at first what to say.

Frank turned at last to silent Sato.

"Well, what do you say?"

"First of all, get the dynamite," replied the Jap.

Slowly Hal and Joe nodded.

"Come on, then," Frank decided. "It will need all of us."

Though Foster was nervous, he showed that he was not a coward.

Without a word, this time, he fell in behind the other fellows.

They proceeded with all stealth, Frank leading the way to the window under which he had listened, while Joe left them and glided to one of the kitchen windows.

In a twinkling Joe was back.

"It's all right," he whispered. "They're eating yet."

With all the care in the world Manley raised the sash.

Inch by inch it went up, making no noise under that careful manipulation.

Sato fell back a few paces to watch.

Silently Joe bent over, wrapped his arms around his friend's legs and raised him to the sill.

Without noise Manley got over the sill and stood in the room.

It was empty, as the boys had left it at the close of summer, all but for a table that had been brought in from another room.

On the table were three small wooden boxes that Manley remembered well.

In each of these had come a football, ordered as far back as the summer.

These and several more boxes had been left behind in the woodshed.

Now from each of these boxes hung a long fuse, each

cut off at the fifth black mark, showing that the fuses were set for five minutes.

Simple enough these three contrivances were that were intended for laying three homes in ruins.

But Manley did not pause to examine things.

He lifted one of the boxes, which weighed about ten pounds, and stepped softly across the room with it.

Hal received the box and passed it back into the darkness.

Another box was removed, and then the third.

All the while the sound of low voices came from the kitchen.

As the last box was passed back by Hal our hero whispered:

"What are you doing with them?"

"Sato is starting now with all three, to drop them in the river. Two minutes of soaking and the things are harmless!"

"Now for the main game!" quivered Joe, coming close to the sill.

"Yes," nodded Manley; "I suppose we've got to try to bag these wretches."

Without a word Joe put up his hands and climbed in, aided by our hero.

Hal followed, and then came Dick Foster. Sato returned just as Dick was being helped softly in.

A twinkling more and the Jap was with them, his small, black, beady eyes twinkling with the pleasure of adventure.

And now, with a grin, Joe turned to the window and let himself out again.

Some moments passed in silence, when Prescott returned.

With a significant wink, he held up to view one of the boxes, fuses and all.

It would never do to speak, so Frank glided to the window and took the box inquiringly.

Then he understood, in part. For the box was so light as to show there could be no dynamite inside.

Back to the light of the one small lamp Frank stole and examined the article.

The fuse had been cut off quite short.

"The fuse I cut from one of those bombs you passed out," whispered Joe. "The box I got out of the woodshed. It looks just like the others that were loaded."

"I see," whispered Frank. "A good idea, for it may come in handy before we get out of this."

The other boys were looking on eagerly, not understanding.

But Manley shook the box and winked significantly.

Suddenly the door was wrenched open.

"This is fortunate!" jeered Doble's harsh voice.

He stood just beyond the doorway, pointing at them the muzzles of a cut-down shotgun.

"If any of you kids move," he announced, gloatingly, "I'll pull both triggers. This sawed-off gun will fill every one of you full of lead!"

"It ain't any use trying to get out through the window," called a voice from outdoors. "I'm blocking the way with another sawed-off gun!"

That second voice caused the youngsters to jump almost as much as Doble's words had done.

Turning toward the window, they saw the muzzles of a gun looking at them over the sill.

"Bagged!" chuckled Doble. "Bagged! Good and plenty!"

The boys were utterly nonplussed.

Even jiu-jitsu could not avail them in this situation.

Both of the men covering them were so far away that two or three steps would be necessary to close the gap.

At the first sight of motion either Doble or his confederate would press both triggers of his weapon.

The sawed-off shotgun is an infernal contrivance.

Having only a foot or so of barrel, the shot scatter so that everything immediately in front of the gun is sure to be hit.

"What do you think?" jeered Doble.

"My opinion isn't fit to print," retorted Manley, grimly.

"Want to try to fight this time?"

"Not a fight," rejoined Manley, candidly.

Doble laughed harshly.

It was the first time he had encountered Manley with the pleasure all on his own side.

"Looks as if I could settle a few old scores now!" leered the wretch.

"It certainly does," the young athlete admitted.

Yet, though Frank did not stir, he was not too scared to think.

His active mind was seeking a way out of the dilemma.

"What are you going to do about it?" Doble laughed, gloatingly.

"That is what I am thinking about," confessed our hero.

"Ugly problem, isn't it?"

"It certainly is."

Now, for the first time, Doble's gaze fell on the table, and he noted the disappearance of the three boxes upon which he had spent so much time and care.

"Where are those boxes?" he roared angrily.

Joe was holding his empty one behind him.

"We took the trouble to remove them," answered Manley.

"Oh, you did? Why?"

"They looked too much like infernal machines," Manley answered coolly.

"Oh, they did?"

"Yes; and we had a notion that you intended to do damage with them in Woodstock to-night."

"I don't need to now," retorted Doble, glowering with hate, and yet there was a gleam of savage delight in his eyes. "We've got you here, you see."

"I'm very much aware of the fact that you've got us," muttered Frank. "What do you mean to do with us?"

"Play with you, cat-and-mouse fashion," retorted the brute, with relish.

"And then?"

Doble laughed gratingly.

"Oh, you know well enough what happens to the mouse in the end!"

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Doble?"

"Mean?" echoed the fellow, in a voice suddenly hoarse with passion. "Mean? Why, I mean that you youngsters have gotten in and blocked the biggest game of my life. Do you think I can forgive that? Mean? Why, I mean to have your lives! Even that is poor satisfaction!"

CHAPTER XII.

BAGGING GREAT GAME.

"That's what I mean!" vociferated Doble. "And I want my meaning to fairly soak into your brains. Get it there quick, for I can't wait long. I want you to understand that I mean to kill you, and I want you to know that this has come upon you because you couldn't keep out of my business—because you had to meddle and spoil the biggest plan I've ever had in my life."

Frank gazed now upon a man the sight of whose face made him shudder.

Doble's eyes, in his present rage, were truly those of a demon.

To a man who could hate as Doble hated any crime was possible—even pleasing!

Now the brute's mood shifted suddenly to tantalization.

"Oh, you're smart boys!" he sneered. "You thought you could play mouse and get in here without a sound. You forgot that every time you pushed the blanket aside to get in or out that the light shone through outside. One of my men, peeping from behind a blanket in the kitchen, saw the light shining on the yard—saw shadows of figures at the window. Oh, you were smart, but you forgot that light will shine and throw shadows!"

"So, for our ignorance," demanded Frank, "we are to be killed?"

"Yes, if that's the way you prefer to put it," came the mocking answer. "And now get ready for what's going to happen! If any of you are praying boys, I'll give you thirty seconds for prayers. Then—well, I wonder if you'll really hear the bang, or see the flash of the powder?"

Still the boys stood as if riveted in place.

"Pray!" warned Doble, hoarsely. "Thirty seconds, and then——"

"Joe," remarked Frank, coolly, "16—30—f—14—k—2!"

It was the complicated signal for the fake kick.

But Joe caught it, and understood.

"Don't! Here—stop that!"

It was Doble's voice that rang out so sharply, yet falteringly. His tone was partly of command, but more of appeal.

For Joe had suddenly raised the empty box over the

lamp, with the short, stubby fuse close to the top of the chimney and protected from the heat only by Prescott's thumb and finger.

"Stop!" rasped Doble. "You'll blow us all to kingdom come!"

"I know," nodded Joe. "There's a chance."

"Take that box away from the flame," appealed Dooley. "The heat will set the dynamite off!"

"If it does," retorted Joe, calmly, "it will be a rough-house time for us."

"Don't you try to move," interposed Hal, turning upon the dwarf at the window. "If you do I'll give the word to fire that dynamite before you have chance to get three feet."

The dwarf shook so that he nearly dropped the sawed-off gun that he held across the sill.

"Here," interposed Hal, moving over to the window, "pass that gun to me! If you don't there'll be trouble."

His face greenish-white with terror, the dwarf obeyed. Hal appropriated the weapon; then he ordered:

"Climb in through the window!"

"There are two more of you out in the kitchen," thundered Manley. "Come in here at once, or you'll go up into the sky with us. Start, or by the great Dewey we'll blow everything to smithereens!"

Frank heard a soft shuffling of feet out in the kitchen, and then a pause of hesitation.

"Make your men come in here," ordered Frank crisply. "If you don't the end has come for us all. You meant to kill us. If we've got to die, we'll make you die with us."

"Get in here, you fellows!" instructed Doble. "It's the only chance we have of living."

"Don't you try to get away, either," rang Manley's voice, as Doble moved aside to permit his companions to enter.

"I won't run. I'm no fool," declared the brute.

Frank stepped over to Doble.

"Give me your gun!"

Without a word the rascal obeyed.

"Now lie face down on the floor, all of you!" Frank went on sharply.

In this also they obeyed.

"Sato, get busy."

Smiling, the Jap produced a cord and tied Doble's hands in the most approved jiu-jitsu fashion.

Then, with a second cord, he made sure of the dwarf.

Frank supplied two more cords, with which Doble's other men were made secure prisoners.

"Doble," said Frank, scathingly, "like a good many bad men, you're a rank coward at heart. You bully when you've the upper hand. But your nerve isn't with you for a minute in adversity."

Frank turned his enemy over on his back.

"Joe, show this coward what sort of a scheme he went down before."

With a short laugh Prescott dropped the box on the floor, stamped on it, and broke it to splinters.

"A fake infernal machine," grinned Manley. "Doble,

if you had kept your nerve you would still be master of the situation."

The bad man's next remarks were utterly unprintable.

In less than half an hour Manley and his friends, followed by a curious throng, were marching their prisoners into the Woodstock police station.

Chief Griscomb was talking with two men at the moment.

At sight of the newcomers the old chief leaped to his feet.

"Doble, by the eternal!" gasped Griscomb.

Then, remembering the presence of the two strangers with whom he had just been talking, the chief of police added:

"Gentlemen, I guess you won't have to look much further. The men you want seem to be right here."

And then followed a hurricane of explanations all around.

Griscomb's visitors were two United States Secret Service men, who had just arrived in Woodstock.

They had come to Chief Griscomb for any information that would serve to put them on the track of Messrs. Doble & Co.

For Frank's scheme of publicity had borne tremendously big fruit.

The newspaper stories had put the authorities in Denver on the track of an enormous swindling scheme for the first time.

Bludge was at the head of the gang, whose operations looked to the fraudulent acquirement of thousands of acres of rich mining land.

So extensive had the scheme been that two United States land office employes were implicated in a scheme to provide fraudulent titles.

Bludge was even now in custody in Denver, along with several confederates.

The upshot of the matter was that Doble & Co. were turned over to the Federal officers.

So, too, was Mathers, at that moment resting in jail on the charge of being mixed up in the bank affair.

A clean sweep had been made, and Manley's moves for publicity had resulted in springing the sensation of the day.

The United States authorities have a way of their own of looking after the violators of Federal statutes.

Bludge, Mathers, Doble and the rest received most summary punishment.

Joe's eyes were dancing that night as the revelations came thick and fast in the office of the police station.

"Great Dewey!" he whispered at last, drawing our hero aside. "Uncle Eb won't be able to sleep when he hears of all this! I can hardly wait to see how he takes it. Let's all go down to my house and spring it on the poor old chap."

The boys accompanied Joe to his house.

Yet, on arrival there they found that Uncle Eb was already in a state of great excitement.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" the boys heard Uncle Eb saying loudly, as Joe let them in the house. "Wonderful! Lord, how the papers do carry news these days! And Mowbray! He must be tickled most to death!"

"Great news!" cried Joe's father, springing to his feet as the boys entered. "My brother is wondering if strange things will ever stop happening in Woodstock."

"Tell 'em right off," begged Eb.

"Well, Eb has received a telegram with a lot of news in it!" laughed Joe's father.

"Great news, indeed!" confirmed Uncle Eb.

"A telegram from whom?" asked Joe.

"Mowbray—John Mowbray!" Uncle Eb almost shouted.

"What's the news?"

"Read the telegram to them, Eb," suggested Joe's father.

"No, no! I can't; I'm too excited," pleaded Eb. "You read it to 'em, brother."

So Joe's father took the yellow paper and read this message, which had come from Denver over Mowbray's signature:

"Arrived to-day. Saw syndicate people. They will pay \$250,000 for my land on delivery of my title deed. Am coming east to you for it. Don't let any one else have it. This great luck due to you. You can have the odd fifty thousand for your trouble."

"I am to have fifty thousand of the money," cried Eb, looking as if he wanted to dance for joy. "So, Joe, you see that your poor old uncle, who was crazy enough to think himself rich, isn't going to be broke after all. There's going to be something, Joe, for you to be heir to. And you can wager you won't have to wait for me to die before you get any of the money!"

But Joe, who had believed himself heir to millions once, and who had not been unduly excited thereby, now took his promised good luck serenely.

He accepted the congratulations of the other fellows, however, as did Uncle Eb.

"None of this good luck would have happened, boys, if it hadn't been for you and your athletic ways," laughed Uncle Eb, tears standing in his watery old eyes.

"And we wouldn't have had the last good stroke of all," rejoined Manley, "if Dick Foster hadn't been enterprising enough to want a distance run late this afternoon."

"I came a blamed sight too close to getting us all hoisted or shot full of holes," remarked Dick, rather modestly. "Gracious, but what queer old dreams I'm in for to-night!"

It was high time now to tell the two Prescott brothers what had happened that evening, and this Joe did, with some help from his friends.

"I am afraid, in my rattles, I had forgotten all about that old empty box," confessed Joe, when he came to that part of the narrative. "But when I heard Frank calling off the signal for the fake kick it came to me with a jump that dynamite had a kick of its own. So I remembered my part and helped to work some mean old football strategy on those poor hard-working enemies of ours."

"I'd rather play real football after this," confessed Hal. "Why, a real hot old scrimmage on the gridiron is positively soothing compared with the cold, creepy thing that we went through with to-night."

"Will you go west, Mr. Eben, and invest your money in mines?" asked Frank.

"Not a bit of it, my lad, not a bit! No more mines for your Uncle Eben. Why, I wouldn't risk a cent of the money that Mowbray promises me. That'll belong to Joe one of these days. No, sir. Now that I'm going to have my own money, I'll settle down here and take mighty good care of the little pile that is meant for the nephew who wasn't ashamed of his worthless old uncle!"

The boys did not stay long, but left Joe to talk matters over with his relatives.

It was not long before Frank was home for the night. Nor had he been in many minutes before a call sounded from the telephone.

It was Kitty Dunstan's voice that demanded:

"Did you forget that I was expecting you this evening?"

"By Jove, I did!" confessed Frank.

"What?" cried the voice of Kitty, incredulously.

"But wait, my dear girl, until I have told you something of what has happened to-night."

The wire was busy for the next five minutes with the recital.

"I wish I were a boy!" sighed Kitty.

"I'm mighty thankful that you're not, my dear!" was Manley's quick retort.

THE END.

The thousands of young Americans who are warm friends of Inow Sato will be tremendously interested in the doings of that gritty and brainy little Japanese student as set forth in "FRANK MANLEY'S JAP ALLY; OR, HOW SATO PLAYED THE GRIDIRON GAME." This great story by "Physical Director" will be published complete in No. 11 of "Frank Manley's Weekly," out next week! It's a wonderful narrative of two splendid athletes and their friends in Woodstock.

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 42.

Every week I receive letters from correspondents whose words show me that they have firmly fixed in their minds the foolish notion that the surest way to grow strong is to work with heavy weights and with apparatus that calls for great strain on the muscles.

There could not be a more foolish idea about building up strength! I wish I could fix it firmly in the mind of every reader that the way to real health and strength is through light, swift, persistent gymnastic work.

Do not overstrain the muscles! Do not greatly fatigue them as a means to making them strong!

Take the average healthy boy of sixteen into a room where there are iron dumbbells of all weights, and the chances are that he will pick out bells that weight at least ten pounds apiece. And he will work with them until, with a grunt, he has put them down. His back aches, and his muscles are sore. He has been making himself strong!

John L. Sullivan, who was considered a pretty strong man in his best days, trained for his fights with half-pound dumbbells. "Jeff" goes in for the light, quick gymnastic work of to-day.

These two men stand for strength away beyond that ever possessed by average men. Yet both have been content to train with light weights which they handled with amazing speed. Do you want to be stronger than them?

When boys of ordinary measurements and strength ask me what weight of dumbbells they should use, I reply, always, "two pounds."

There is no reason for any boy or man using heavier weights.

Why, it was only the other day that I was obliged to hide heavy bells from one pupil. He used them every chance he got, in spite of my remonstrances. And an examination of his muscles showed that he was getting them lumpy and stiff. He was fairly on the way to making himself muscle-bound!

The same applies to the use of Indian clubs. They should be light and used with all the speed possible after the wind has been put in proper condition.

Shall one have no heavy work?

Well, that is a question. My own belief is that the best athlete is trained with all light, quick work. Now, if you must have a little heavy work, you will find that chinning yourself on the horizontal bar for thirty times without stopping will furnish you with all the heavy work you will want.

The boy who cannot chin himself thirty times running has no business with any other kind of heavy work.

The Manley bag drills that have been described in this weekly are splendid forms of exercise, if they are taken in the right way. But the boy who makes the bag that he is using too heavy is committing a grave error. If the bag drills make you sore and aching, and stiff afterwards, then you will know that you are working with a much too heavy bag. Don't take a certain weight because Manley did. Remember that it is very likely that your muscles are in no such shape as Manley's.

Now, the more you read about Manley's ways of training the more you will realize that he does ten times as much of the light work as he does of anything that could be considered heavy.

The danger in heavy work that is most commonly touched upon by modern trainers is the liability to becoming muscle-bound.

Yet there is a much greater danger—and that is to the heart. The constant strain in working with heavy weights and with apparatus involving great muscular work reacts surely and rather rapidly on the heart.

The fault that I find with most of the correspondence systems of training to-day is that they provide exercises for quickly making hard bunches of muscle—all at the expense of the heart.

Now, what on earth is the use of getting great lumps of muscle, if thereby you injure the heart so that it cannot run many more years.

Have you ever read about the great proportion of deaths from heart disease among champion oarsmen?

It takes a man with the strongest kind of a heart to become a good oarsman and keep on living.

Why?

Because the oarsman is trained for huge biceps. He trains with the heaviest kind of weights in order to enlarge and harden his biceps. This very style of training is sure to weaken the heart. He shortens his life, dies, and then the ignorant cry goes up that "athletes do not live as long as other people."

Light, quick exercise is just what the heart needs to tone it up. Any weak heart can be made stronger by the right sort of exercise. And the strongest heart can be put out of working order when the training is of the heavy kind.

The Japanese use no heavy weights nor straining apparatus in their training. A wrestling mat, a light bamboo pole and a cord will equip a Japanese gymnasium. Yet the Japanese, since their war with Russia, have been acknowledged by military experts as being the best athletes in the world.

In the gymnasium of the United States Military Academy at West Point the cadets are drilled together with light weights and apparatus that does not strain. And these young men are learning to become soldiers—a life that truly calls for the real athlete.

Boys, the more you think it over, the more I hope you will realize that working with heavy weights and apparatus does not make the real athlete.

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as *Frank Manley's Weekly* is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

1202 Jefferson St., Roanoke, Va.

Dear Physical Director:

I wrote you one letter, and was so pleased that I will take the liberty of writing you another. I am 11 years old; weight, 61½ pounds; chest, normal 26 inches, expanded, 28 inches; calves, 19½ inches; waist, 24 inches. I ran half a mile the second day I started running, without a pain in the side. (1) What size dumbbells should I use? (2) Is my running good? (3) Is my chest good? How can I gain weight? I remain, your friend and reader,

John Gray Paul.

(1) Two pounds. (2) Yes, for a beginning. (3) Fair, but keep on working for another inch. You are not much under weight. Chewing all food to a pulp and drinking nothing with meals will help you a wonderful lot.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 10, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Kindly answer my questions. I am 17 years old; weight, 128 pounds; height, 5 feet 6 inches. My measurements are: Chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 34 inches; waist, 29 inches; hips, left, 19½ inches, right, 20 inches; arm, 10¼ inches; arm biceps 12¾ inches; forearm, 10¼ inches; wrists, 6½ inches; neck, 12½ inches; calves, 13 inches; reach, 65¾ inches. Can hold 25 pounds at arm's length; can put 10-pound shot 33 feet without practice. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How are my records? (3) How can I reduce waist in shortest possible time? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

A. Airy.

(1) Work for inch and a half more chest expansion; trim off inch and a half from waist line. (2) Satisfactory. (3) There is no short cut. Work daily at the abdominal drills in Nos. 28 and 32 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly*.

Pleona, Kan., August 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading your weekly, and now I want you to tell me where I am large enough and too small. I am a boy 16 years old; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 137 pounds; chest, normal 33 inches, expanded 35 inches; waist, 28 inches. I am a farmer. Please answer soon.

Yours truly,

Elliott Chappell.

You are slim, as you have grown fast. You need much more chest expansion; work faithfully at breathing drill in No. 27 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly*.

Lafayette, La., August 10, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all of *Frank Manley's Weeklies* to date. My age is 10 years; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 35¼ inches; height, 4 feet 6¾ inches; weight, 82 pounds; ankles, 9½ inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) I cannot run. What is good for running?

Yours truly,

S. Jagon.

P. S.—*Frank Manley* is very good in athletics.

(1) Measurements good; tremendous chest expansion. (2) Keep on running, improving by degree. Read *Talks* Nos. 9 and 20.

Mt. Airy, N. C.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 15 years of age; height, 4 feet 7 inches; weight, 87 pounds; chest, normal 27 inches, expanded 30½ inches; waist, 28 inches; biceps, 11½ inches; arm normal 10 inches, expanded 11½ inches;

left arm normal 9 inches, expanded 10 inches. How are my measurements? I remain a life-long friend of *Frank Manley's Weekly*.

Yours truly,

W. D.

Good measurements; you are large for your age. Trim the waist down by the abdominal drills in Nos. 28 and 32 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly*.

New York, August 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all the numbers of your fine weekly, I beg of you to consider my measurements. Age, 14 years; height, 5 feet 1 inch; weight, 100 pounds; reach, 61 inches; chest, normal 28 inches, expanded 31½ inches; neck, 13 inches. My record for jumping is: Standing, 8 feet 5 inches; running, 14 feet 1 inch. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points? (3) How are my records?

Respectfully yours,

M. S. B.

(1) Good! (2) Don't see any. (3) Good at your age. Beat them all before spring.

Holyoke, Mass., August 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to have some advice in regard to my measurements, which are as follows: Age, 16 years; weight, 126 pounds; height, 5 feet 7 inches; chest, normal 33 inches, contracted 31½ inches, expanded 36 inches; across shoulders, 16 inches; biceps, normal 10 inches, expanded 12½ inches; forearm, 11 inches; wrists, 7 inches; waist, 29½ inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 15 inches; neck, 14 inches. I have read *Frank Manley's Weekly* from its first number, and I must say it beats every book that I ever read before. Besides offering the reader an interesting story, it gives good, solid advice as regards to health. I have followed your directions as to the dumbbell drill and I must say that I feel much better now than I used to. I am also practicing every night on a punching-bag, and am very fond of bicycle riding. Hoping to see this in your book soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

A Young Athlete.

Measurements good! Keep right on training.

Cincinnati, O., August 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 17 years old; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 94 pounds, stripped; chest, normal 29½ inches, expanded 32½ inches; forearm, 9 inches; biceps, 9½ inches; neck, 12 inches; thighs, 16 inches; calves, 12½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What should I weigh? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

A. E.

(1) Good, except neck, which build up by neck drill in No. 29 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly*. (2) About 100 pounds.

Beaver Falls, Pa., August 4, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been taking your magazine since it started, and I think it the best paper of its kind published. I would like to see how my measurements compare with others of my age. Please point out some of the points. My measurements are as follows: Age, 16 years 9 months; neck, 14 inches; chest, normal 25 inches, expanded 28 inches, contracted 24 inches; waist, 31 inches; hips, 30½ inches; height, 5 feet 11 inches; upper right leg, 21 inches; upper left

leg, 21 inches; calves, 15 inches; ankles, 11 inches; wrists, 7 inches; across shoulders, 19½ inches; weight, 158 pounds. What do you think of these measurements?

Yours truly,

Samuel E. Raymond.

Measurements good; only defect is in neck, which is an inch too small. Build up here by neck drill in No. 29 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly*.

348 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a reader of your king of weeklies, I would like to ask you a few questions. (1) My father owns two candy stores. I eat and drink ice cream sodas and candy an awful lot. Is this bad for an athlete? (2) I try to stop it, but without success. Please tell me how to remedy this. (3) In a standing broad jump, which is the proper way, to toe the line or heel it? (4) I am lieutenant and trainer of the Lacquiam A. C., and as we are going to have a tournament against the Georgetown A. C., September 6, 1905, I would like you to advise me in training my men.

Yours truly,

C. Tague.

(1 and 2) Of course your immoderation does you harm. There is no way to stop if your will power is too weak. (3) Toe it. (4) Owing to the great number of my correspondents, this reply will not appear in time to aid you.

336 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read every weekly up to No. 26, and think they are just fine. My measurements are: Height, 5 feet 1½ inches; weight, 79 pounds; age, 13 years; chest, normal 27 inches, expanded 29 inches; thighs, 16 inches; wrists, 6 inches; calves, 11½ inches; neck, 12 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Is it good to sleep outdoors in a tent? (3) I can run a mile. Is this good? I am captain of the Lakerim A. C., and second best runner. Wishing you the best of luck with your weekly, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Wm. Cahill.

(1) Tall for your age, slender, and light in weight. (2) Of course! Why, that's the way they cure even consumptives nowadays. (3) First rate, but keep on, and after awhile you'll be able to run twice as far. Good luck to your club!

Asbury Grove, Mass., August 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a constant reader of your excellent weekly, I will take the liberty to bother you with a few questions. My measurements are as follows: Age, 13 years 1 month; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 108 pounds; biceps, 10½ inches; waist, 31 inches; chest, normal 26 inches, expanded 29 inches. My record in the running broad jump is 10 feet 6 inches; standing broad jump, 7 feet 1 inch; running high jump, 3 feet 9 inches; standing high jump, 2 feet 6 inches. I can only chin myself three times on the horizontal bar. I go on long bicycle rides and have excellent wind. I can lift a 60-pound dumbbell—I mean two 30-pound dumbbells strapped together—over my head. (1) What are my weak points? (2) What are my strong points? (3) How can I get myself to chin about ten times? (4) Are my measurements good? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

A Frank Manley Admirer

(1) Waist-line too large. (2) Chest good. (3) By keeping at it. (4) Yes, in general.

Beaver Falls, Pa., August 18, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading *Frank Manley's Weekly* for some time, and saw where several young men and boys have learned their weak points from your knowledge. I then thought I would write and learn my weak points and those of a friend. My measurements are as follows: Height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, 128 pounds; age, 17 years; chest, normal 27 inches, expanded, 31½ inches; waist, 28 inches; neck, 14 inches; thighs, 18½ inches; right calf, 14 inches; left calf, 15 inches; ankles, 11½ inches; biceps, 10½ inches.

mal 9 inches, expanded 11 inches; wrists, 6½ inches. The measurements of my friend, James Lee, are as follows: Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 121 pounds; age, 16 years; chest, normal 33 inches, expanded 35 inches; waist, 27½ inches; neck, 13½ inches; calves 13 inches; ankles 9½ inches; right bicep, normal 9¼ inches, expanded 10¾ inches; left bicep, normal 8½ inches, expanded 10¼ inches; wrists, 7 inches. I write for both, taking our measurements last evening, wishing to know our weak points as best we could.

Yours truly,
P. S.—Is it healthful to swim in a medium swift river?
Tod Stauffer.

You are both quite well built—yourself a shade better than your friend. What you both need is increased chest expansion. Go in faithfully for the chest-expanding drill in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly.

Merkel, Tex., August 10, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I read your weekly and find it an interesting book, and will take the liberty to ask a few questions and send my measurements. Age, 14 years 11 months; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, 110 pounds; waist, 31 inches; left thigh, 14 inches; right thigh, 15 inches; calves, 12 inches; neck, 12 inches; around shoulders, 17 inches; chest, normal 29 inches, expanded 38 inches; wrists, 6 inches; upper arms, normal 17 inches, expanded 9½ inches; head, 21½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points, and how can I improve them? (3) Is a piece of pipe all right for a horizontal bar? (4) What weight dumbbells should I use? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,
D. H. M.

(1 and 2) You have grown so fast that you are very slim. Follow faithfully the work done by Manley's boys. (3) Yes. (4) Two pounds.

Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 10, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading Frank Manley's Weekly since it came out, and I think it the best weekly printed. I would like to ask a few questions. Age, 15 years; height, 5 feet 5 inches; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 33½ inches; weight, 120 pounds; biceps, 10 inches; calves, 12½ inches; neck, 12 inches; thighs, 19 inches; waist, 27½ inches; wrists, 6 inches. When I get up in the morning my bones snap. Please tell me the cause. Hoping I have not asked too many questions I close, remaining,

Yours truly,
Prescott,

Biceps, calf and neck too small; waist, inch too large; two inches more chest expansion needed. Crackling of joints due to lack of exercise.

Tippecanoe City, O., August 12, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a reader of your book, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. My age is 13 years; height 4 feet 10 inches; weight, 73 pounds; neck, 12½ inches; chest, normal 27 inches, expanded 28½ inches; waist, 27 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 11½ inches; reach, 25½ inches; arm, 9 inches; wrists, 6½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Where are my weak points, and how can I improve them? (3) Is it good to run in the evening after sundown? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,
R. B. S.

(1) Good in general. (2) Waist too large; use abdominal drills in Nos. 23 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. More chest expansion needed; breathing drill in No. 27.

New York, August 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

(1) Kindly give your opinion of my measurements. Age, 14 years; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 106 pounds; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 33½ inches, contracted 29½ inches; waist, 22 inches; hips, 30 inches; neck, 12½ inches; thighs, 12 inches; calves, 12 inches; biceps, 8 inches down; up, 10 inches; reach, 68 inches. (2) What size dumbbells should I use? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,
Mandy.

(1) You are well-built. (2) Two pounds.

Brooklyn, N. Y., August 14, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read The Young Athlete's Weekly from No. 1 to No. 28, and think it is the best weekly out. I would like to ask you how my measurements are? Age, 15 years; height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 116 pounds; biceps, 9½ inches; thighs, 18 inches; waist, 26½ inches; forearm, 9 inches; calves, 13 inches; wrist, 6½ inches; chest, normal 29 inches, expanded 31 inches; across shoulders, 13 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Where are my weak points? (3) How can I improve them? I remain,

Yours truly,
M. R., Jr.

(1) Generally good. (2) Biceps and chest expansion. (3) Chest drill in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. For arms, the Manley bag work.

Pittsburg, Pa., February 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have started an athletic club of fifteen fellows. As none of us is rich, I would like to ask you what kind of apparatus is needed to start a club? What is the best work to start with? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,
Henry.

Questions answered in Talks 21 and 22. In addition, follow the work that is done from week to week by Manley's boys.

Toronto, August 9, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I thought I would write and see how I stand. I am 14 years 6 months old; height, 4 feet 6 inches; weight, 71 pounds in gym clothes; thighs, 15½ inches; wrist, 5½ inches; chest, normal 25 inches, expanded 27 inches; biceps, normal 7½ inches, expanded 8½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points? (3) How can I remedy them? (4) What are my strong points?

Yours truly,
"Jackets."

(1) Generally fair. (2) Too little chest expansion. (3) Breathing drill in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. (4) No very strong points. Keep on training and you'll have them.

Philadelphia, Pa., August 19, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read your weekly, and think it is just fine. Please answer a few questions for me. I am 19 years old; weight, 126 pounds; height, 5 feet 8 inches; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 36 inches; neck, 13½ inches; waist, 27 inches; hips, 30 inches; biceps, 11½ inches; forearm, 10½ inches; wrists, 9½ inches; thighs, 18 inches; calves, 12 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak and strong points? (3) How can I strengthen my weak points? Hoping to see this in next week's issue, I remain,

Yours truly,
T. Y. A. W.

(1) Not good. (2) Under weight and slender. Good chest expansion, however. (3) Go in faithfully for the physical training life as explained in these pages.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 14, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read quite a number of Frank Manley's Weeklies, I have become interested in the courses of training. I take no exercise to speak of, and though large for my age I am very weak. I would like to submit to you a number of my measurements for your criticism. All measurements taken stripped. My age is 16 years; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 140 pounds; chest, normal 34 inches, expanded 35 inches; wrists, 6¾ inches; neck, 13 inches; ankles, 8½ inches; calves, 13 inches; waist, 30 inches; shoulders, 16 inches; forearm, 9½ inches; biceps, normal 9¼ inches, contracted 11 inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) What exercises would you advise? Hoping to see this soon in one of Frank Manley's Weeklies, I remain,

Yours truly,
B. M. B.

P. S.—I believe this is the first letter from Los Angeles. Thanking you in advance for the answers which I am sure you will give me.

(1) Miserable chest expansion; neck and calves poor. (2) For the chest, the drill in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. For the neck, the drill in No. 29. In addition, take a good deal of general exercise and go in for the outdoor physical training life. You will find plenty of hints in the Manley stories. You can be strong if you'll only take the trouble.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 13, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty of stating my measurements and asking a few questions. Weight, stripped, 145 pounds; height, 5 feet 8 inches, stocking feet; neck, 14½ inches; arm, flexed, 13¼ inches; forearm, 11 inches; wrists, 7 inches; chest, normal 36½ inches, contracted 32½ inches, expanded 41 inches; waist, 28 inches; hips, 36½ inches; thighs, 21 inches; calves, 14½ inches; ankles, 9 inches; age, 18 years. (1) How are my chest and arm measurements? (2) What are my weak points? I can jog four miles with ease and can run a mile in 4 minutes 47 seconds. (3) I rise at 5 in the morning and take 15 minutes' exercise with dumbbells, and 10 minutes with an exerciser, after which a shower bath. Is that all right? Hoping to see this in print soon, and wishing yourself and Frank Manley and the other Up and At 'Em Boys long life, I remain,

Yours truly,
C. K.

You are trim and well-built, and are evidently doing your training work in the right way. Your condition pleases me.

Concord, N. H., August 14, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, and have decided to start a course in physical training. The following are my measurements: Height, 5 feet 8¼ inches; weight, 250 pounds; neck, 14¾ inches; right forearm, unflexed, 13¾ inches; left forearm, unflexed, 13 inches; forearms, flexed, 14 inches; wrists, 7½ inches; elbows, right 13 inches, left 12½ inches; upper arm, right 14½ inches, left 14 inches; upper arm flexed, left 15¾ inches, right 17 inches; chest, small 43½ inches, normal 46 inches, expanded 48½ inches; waist, 45 inches; hips, 47 inches; thighs, right 29¼ inches, left 29 inches; knees, 18 inches; calves, left 19 inches, right 18¾ inches; ankles, left 12 inches, right 12½ inches. You can easily see that I need training down with a vengeance. Now, I play ball, both baseball and football, skate some, put the shot and throw the hammer, and yet I steadily increase in weight. Am not a heavy eater, sometimes only eating one meal a day, and about a year ago last spring I started in to take physical culture training, and after taking it a month and gaining five pounds, I dropped it. (1) What would you advise for an exercise to quickly reduce weight, outside of running? (2) Can you tell where I need building up, and if so, where? (3) Is running good to reduce weight? (4) What will quickly reduce the waist? (5) Have sent for No. 21 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. Does that contain the training table mentioned so often in the back of the books, and if so would you advise me to follow it up? (6) What particular exercises would you advise me to take up? Hoping that you will not think that some one is trying to "string" you with fake measurements, and thanking you in advance, I remain,

An Interested Reader.

P. S.—Age is sixteen.

You certainly need physical training. Proper work won't increase your weight. (1) All kinds of hard physical work, taking pains not to over-tax your heart, as evidenced by palpitation. (2) Work especially for chest expansion and to pull down the waist-line. Be industrious with the abdominal exercises in Nos. 23 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. (3) Just what you need. Go at it gradually, so not to strain the heart. (4) Answered. (5) Gives the start, and in other numbers you will find additional information. By all means stick to training table. Drink a pint of hot water on first rising in morning, and another pint before retiring. Drink plenty through the day—except at meal-times. Don't be afraid that water will increase your weight. Take warm baths every night before retiring. Write me again after you have been following my advice for a few weeks.

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